

Correspondence

Race Questions

EDITOR: Your Review is to be warmly commended for publishing the pair of articles on "This Race Question" (2/20). Alone, each would have suggested the moral which together they fairly thunder forth—that racial prejudice, like pride and avarice, is the common lot of mankind, whether Negro or white, whether in the North or South. This is a crucial lesson for men to learn. Surely an approach to the race problem based upon the realization that we are all sinners promises considerably greater success than the "better-than-thou" attitude which commonly prevails.

JOSEPH H. DAHMUS
Department of History
Pennsylvania State University

University Park, Pa.

EDITOR: "Negroes Next Door" is an excellent example of what is happening in the Eastern part of the United States. In church, Negroes and whites receive Communion and attend Mass together. Outside, however, we never strive to continue that friendship, nor do we show good example to our neighbors. It will only be through the kindness and charity of men's hearts that the racial problem will be solved.

MARY T. RADVANSKY
Columbus, Ohio

EDITOR: The articles on the race question were superb. But we need other articles which bring out into the open the apprehensions of *unprejudiced* whites.

We badly need a pattern for integrated private housing, but nobody is fashioning it. New York City, for example, is a changing, but not an integrating city. The only areas in which there is a semblance of integration are neighborhoods in transition—changing over from white to black.

There are always families coming and going in any community. Many totally white neighborhoods become totally Negro not because the whites run immediately, but because once a couple of Negro families move into a block, no more whites will move into it. Their attitude is "Why move in there? It will soon be all colored."

D. L. HANRAHAN

Cambria Heights, N. Y.

U. S. and World Court

EDITOR: I do not imagine it will do one iota of good to protest your outrageous editorial on "Strength for the International

Court of Justice" (2/13). But for the record I am making the effort. That a Catholic and Jesuit Review should hand us over to the "Reds" is almost unbelievable. Do you really think one U. S. judge on the court is adequate protection against several Soviet judges?

HERBERT H. SULLIVAN, M.D.
Colonel, U.S.A.F., Ret.

Little Rock, Ark.

Trend in France

EDITOR: As a subscriber to AMERICA, and a subscriber as well to much that it stands for editorially, I read with interest your comment (1/30) on Finance Minister Pinay's departure from the de Gaulle Government in France. I read with equal interest Ambassador Mayer's letter (2/13) on the subject.

Mr. Mayer seems to fear that the French President may be moving away from con-

servatism, in the traditional sense, toward ultranationalism and a degree of socialism. I do not share this fear. It seems to me that Charles de Gaulle in his time of trial over Algeria turned his back resolutely on ultranationalism—not only the lunatic fringe of it, but the hard core, as personified by Jacques Soustelle. He came down for conservatism in the sense of steering a moderate course which is not Right and certainly is not Left. I am convinced, moreover, that he is a good European while at the same time he wishes to preserve the personality of each of Europe's component parts. As regards socialism, his Government of the Fifth Republic has a long way to travel down the road of "welfare" before it catches up to our own stats.

I have complete faith in de Gaulle and in his enlightened conservatism. As an American who has had long experience of France and our relations with it, I feel that he merits our support—perhaps with a greater degree of loyalty than has been evidenced in the recent past.

EDGAR M. CHURCH
Vice President General
Federation of French Alliances
New York, N. Y.

Education may be described as the process whereby the older people in a society pass on their total way of life to their children. When this process absorbs years of the students' lives and employs millions of persons and astronomical sums it becomes more important than ever to evaluate reflectively the culture that is being transmitted and to determine as reasonably as possible the goals and the content of the school experience.



#10
JESUIT STUDIES

WORK AND EDUCATION

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John W. Donohue, S.J.

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Current Comment

Cold War on Tour

At home and abroad, the big news stories last week were all colored by the Cold War.

President Eisenhower was busy shortening up the defenses of the Western Hemisphere. From Rio de Janeiro through Buenos Aires, Santiago and Montevideo, he played variations on themes his Latin-American hosts were eager to hear—economic progress, higher living standards, freedom and peace. Everywhere he went the crowds were mostly friendly. To re-establish the Good Neighbor policy on a solid foundation will take more than a whirlwind visit by a very likeable President. Nevertheless, by the time Mr. Eisenhower reached Montevideo on March 2, it was obvious that he had opened a new and hopeful chapter in inter-American relations.

Premier Khrushchev also talked peace and economic progress—but not freedom—on his junket to India, Burma, Indonesia and Pakistan. Over the past year, Communist prestige has perceptibly slipped in that part of the world. The Kremlin's supersalesman could not undo what the Red Chinese did in Tibet and along India's northwest frontier, but he could and did go through all his peddler's routines. In various ways, some of them not very subtle, he sought to persuade Asiatics that communism is the wave of the future and that the Soviet Union remains their best hope for peace and economic development. Maybe the Asiatics believed him, but reporters on the spot thought that his reception this time lacked something of the warmth and enthusiasm which made his 1955 tour of India such a success.

... and at Home

Judged by its impact on colored peoples of Asia and Africa, the big Cold War news at home was the filibuster in the Senate against the Dirksen civil rights bill. Only slightly less important were stories from a dozen Southern cities about the dramatic struggle of

colored students against segregation at lunch counters in variety and department stores. In a few instances the demonstrations were marred by violence, but the violence was no part of the plan of the young people who led the protests or joined in them.

Although a good many unimaginative people possibly missed the Cold War significance of the racial news, the stories out of Washington on the nation's defense effort needed no editorial clarification. Testifying before a Senate subcommittee, several of our best informed and most highly respected citizens questioned the adequacy of the U. S. Cold War effort and bluntly suggested that neither the Administration nor the people were facing up to the full dimensions of the Communist threat to our survival.

Another story made no headlines but deserves to be recorded here. The Advertising Council, a nonprofit organization which mobilizes the advertising industry for public service campaigns, called on the industry to give the country a greater sense of moral values. As a people, said council head Theodore S. Reppier, "we have had it too good, too long." The implications of his remarks were clear: unless we rid ourselves of "dishonesty and phoniness" and "extreme success worship," the Cold War could be lost.

By coincidence, all these events happened on the eve of Lent. The coincidence should be fruitful.

Soviet Friendship University

Mr. Khrushchev and his foreign policy strategists continue to add chapters to Dale Carnegie. During his swing through Indonesia, the Soviet Premier announced the opening of a new university in Moscow exclusively for students from underdeveloped countries in Africa, Asia and Latin America.

The new "University of Friendship of Peoples" will open with an enrollment of 500 and ultimately expand to 4,000. All students will be on full scholarships. In addition, the Soviet Government will supply travel and living expenses.

Though Russia's foreign student population of roughly 2,000 is not large (in America 50,000 students from 131 nations are scattered in 1,680 institutions), Russia and the Communist countries do go about this business thoroughly. The model of the little Red schoolhouse is the crack Institute of Economic and Social Studies at Prague. In 1958, from French-speaking Africa alone, some 200 hand-picked young leaders were enrolled in the intensive three-year indoctrination program.

Just how much cultural exchange takes place when foreign students are kept to themselves is dubious. What is not in the least doubtful is the propaganda advantage. We prefer to follow the American rules.

There is, however, one feature of the Soviet approach that our Government would be well advised to borrow. There are numbers of ambitious young foreigners from educationally backward areas who could readily qualify for tuition scholarships in our colleges and universities. Yet few of these qualified people can come because they lack funds for travel and lodging. Federal money put to this purpose would be well spent.

Senate Maneuvers

On Feb. 15, as Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson pledged last fall, the Senate began debate on civil rights. As of Feb. 29, the legislators had devoted 110 hours to this issue. Only then did the legislative contest take on the full guise of a filibuster, or irregular parliamentary effort by a few to talk a bill to death. From the beginning, most observers have felt that the South cannot block all civil rights legislation in the current session. What interests them now is the extent and effectiveness of the particular measure Congress may finally pass.

The major contention centers around a guarantee of voting rights to Negroes in the South. Varying proposals to secure equality at the polls have come from several sources (2/27, p. 633). It is clear that any worth-while measure should include coverage of both Federal and State elections, a quick and efficient procedure for the appointment of supervisors on the spot, and an effective check to obstructive tactics on the part of local officials.

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With the start of the filibuster, it soon appeared that the South's strongest opposition would be aimed, not at voting rights, but at attempts to promote equal rights in education and employment. Yet informed advocates of civil rights feel that Federal action is particularly needed in these very fields.

An adequate civil rights act should, then, provide for special Federal aid to school districts that end segregation and should grant statutory authority to the already existing President's Committee on Governmental Contracts. The latter action would lend badly needed support to the committee's efforts to end discrimination in employment by companies with Government contracts. Though the President's Commission on Civil Rights singled out voting rights as a primary target, the need for direct action in schools and factories should not be ignored.

Report From Israel

As headlines the world over trumpeted a war scare, Israel remained calmly confident during the latest "crisis" in Arab-Israeli relations. On Feb. 25 Egyptian troops were reported massing in the Sinai Desert close to Israel's southern frontier. But the man in the street in Jerusalem, Haifa and Tel Aviv went quietly about his business. It was Friday and, as evening and another Sabbath approached, activity throughout the country came to its customary halt.

This reaction to the war scare, or the lack of it, is a fair indication of popular opinion in Israel. No one, even at Government levels, expects a new conflict to break out in the near future. Israel is confident that the Sinai campaign of 1956 taught Egypt a lesson and that U.A.R. President Nasser will not dare risk another defeat at the hands of the Israeli army. True, where an arms build-up continues, the danger of war is always present, since a slight miscalculation can ignite the fireworks. The potentialities of the situation, however, do not frighten Israel, though the country remains on its guard.

Genuine peace remains as far distant as ever. Basically the problem is one of convincing the Arab states that Israel is an established fact and is in the Middle East to stay. As an Arab Church dignitary in Israel remarked

the other day: "It is time that some settlement of Arab-Israeli differences be sought at the conference table. A political change wrought by war can be reversed only by war. And no one wants another conflict in the Middle East." It may take ten years. But another decade of impressive economic development in Israel may convince the Arabs that they have no alternative save to put their grievances on the table and explore the possibility of compromise.

New Voices on Defense

President Eisenhower's confident pose of matchless military sagacity has come under fire from a new sector of public opinion. This time the attackers are a group of exceptionally qualified civilians. Their forum is the Senate Subcommittee on National Policy Machinery.

Robert A. Lovett, a Republican who was Secretary of Defense under Truman, told the subcommittee that "we are doing something short of our best" in the current struggle with Russia.

Robert C. Sprague, co-chairman of the President's committee on national security in 1957, said: "We have not done a great deal that urgently needs to be done. . . . The danger is more serious than the President has expressed."

Thomas J. Watson Jr., head of the International Business Machines Corp., told the Senators that the contest with Russia is crucial and that we must be ready "to impose the strains necessary to win."

Apparently some of our ablest citizens, not speaking from partisan bias, think that our security demands greater sacrifices than the budget-bemused President is willing to ask of the people.

Surely this half-trillion-dollar economy of ours, which can afford such frills as electric swizzle sticks and toothbrushes, is able to maintain a defense establishment that is adequate in the estimation of all. Mr. Sprague told the subcommittee that Russia puts 25 per cent of her gross national product into the military sector, whereas the United States devotes less than 10 per cent of its GNP to the same purpose. He added: "The question is whether we are willing to use a small fraction of our increased wealth for the defense of our way of life."

Religion and Youth

Should religion speak out on problems of youth? Some people think not. Let religion stay in the sacristy, they say, and leave these issues to businessmen or social workers. So, at least, one might interpret a recent news leak from Washington. "Federal officials," the story ran, felt disturbed over the preparation of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish guide books for delegates to the White House Conference on Children and Youth, March 27-April 1.

Such a reaction could be the product of an ardent secularist's ambition to uproot religion from our way of life. More probably it reflected a bureaucrat's concern lest someone rock the boat.

Msgr. Raymond J. Gallagher, Catholic coordinator for the coming conference, pointed out that the handbooks were designed to encourage fruitful participation by delegates of differing religious viewpoints. Catholics, for example, received background information for preconference study on such topics as Church-State relations, censorship, released-time programs and Federal aid to education. Far from being an attempt at "clerical dictation," as one professional bigot labeled it, the booklet expressly notes that differences of opinion on many issues can and do exist among Catholics.

Putting the question of bureaucratic anxieties aside for the moment, we may still wonder about the leaked, official fear lest the conference turn into a "sectarian battle." Are 6,000 delegates supposed to spend the week dodging controversial issues? Or should religion, preferably, keep still precisely on matters most concerned with the moral and spiritual welfare of youth?

Action on World Court

With respect to repeal of the Connally amendment to U. S. adherence to the International Court of Justice, developments during the fortnight offer the Administration a clear-cut choice. It can support repeal up to the hilt, in which case repeal has a chance. Or it can stand serenely above the fight on Capitol Hill, in which event repeal is doomed, the victim of pressures emanating, not from the general public, but from certain organized groups on the

extreme right, whose views, incidentally, are echoed approvingly by the extreme left.

That the Administration will let repeal go by default seems inconceivable. President Eisenhower, who espouses the rule of law in our troubled world, demanded repeal of the Connally amendment in his State of the Union message. Vice President Nixon is also on record, forcefully so, as favoring repeal. As for Secretary of State Herter, not long ago he described a strong world court as an essential part of the U. S. plan for disarmament.

AMERICA recently stated the case for repeal of the Connally amendment (2/13, p. 576). Let it suffice here to stress that this step, though relatively simple, is of major importance in our Cold War strategy. In terms of political and psychological warfare, repeal would strengthen our position vis-à-vis the

Hague tribunal and at the same time weaken the position of the Soviet Union, which has consistently thwarted the court by exploiting the Connally amendment. So long as this country reserves the right to determine whether or not questions that come before the court are domestic in character, and hence beyond the court's jurisdiction, we can scarcely complain if the Soviet Union claims and asserts the same veto.

Acheson on Germany

Dean Acheson, Secretary of State from 1949 to 1953, recently returned from Germany to scotch the rumor that the West Germans do not want reunification with East Germany. They want it sincerely, he said, but are understandably balking at the Kremlin's price. (Russia will not permit reunion unless West Germany, severing all Nato ties,

is left naked to Communist power plays.)

Mr. Acheson also noted that West Germany does not share U. S. optimism about Khrushchev's supposedly relaxed attitude toward Berlin, East Germany and recognition of the status quo of the Soviet satellite countries. Instead, West Germany looks to the May summit with fear: the perils of the summit, it feels, can be met only by strong leadership provided by a strong America.

Are we strong? The furious defense debate has created suspicions of our preparedness in our own minds. Surely the Germans "may be forgiven if they have moments of doubt," as Mr. Acheson has said. Lack of confidence at home will not project an image of power abroad; it will neither bolster the firmness of our friends nor engender caution in the cocksure Khrushchev.

Are we providing strong leadership?

Builders of the New Israel

JERUSALEM—The energetic young mayor of Eilat, Israel's Red Sea port, is typical of the breed of men who have come to settle this thriving country. Harry Levi, late of Egypt, just 31 years of age and scarcely three months in office, seemed still dazed by the honor that had been thrust upon him by the people of Eilat. He was not at all dazed by the problems which confront his tiny municipality.

Those who predict that Israel's future lies in the south hope that Eilat will one day rival the Mediterranean port of Haifa as a center of trade and commerce. Today the little town of 2,000 inhabitants is practically isolated from civilization. Some 120 miles of barren desert separate it from the nearest sizable town of Beer Sheva, the ancient city of Abraham. The only links joining the two are an airline and a two-year-old road which twists southward through the scorched valleys of the Negev.

Nevertheless, despite its relative isolation, 250,000 tons of shipping passed through Eilat last year. As new markets open up for Israel in Asia and Africa, tonnage is expected to increase by 200 per cent in the next year or two. Mayor Levi's frontier town must grow accordingly. He therefore envisions new industries to attract more people.

Moreover, the city has a future as a year-round resort. Its location at the head of the Gulf of Aqaba gives Eilat an unparalleled beauty. Surrounded on

the east by the red hills of Edom and on the west by steep crags which rise out of Egypt's Sinai Desert, Eilat could well become the most famous tourist attraction in the Middle East. To meet the expected invasion of tourists, Mayor Levi has already drawn up plans to convert part of Eilat's six-mile shore line into something resembling an Israeli Miami. By means of an intricate system of canals and lagoons he hopes to double the extent of the waterfront if he can find the finances.

Above all else Israel needs capital if imaginative economic planning is to bear fruit. But capital seems to be the least of the worries of those Jews who have cast in their lot with the country. They wax enthusiastic even over the potentialities of a desert which has been a wasteland for almost 2,000 years. "The future of Israel," said the young man from the Government Press Office who accompanied the writer down to Eilat, "lies in these barren hills and valleys." He was talking of the Negev, which constitutes almost 55 per cent of the country.

Most of this area receives no more than three inches of rainfall a year, whereas normal cultivation needs at least eight inches. About two-thirds of the Negev will eventually be irrigated by a pipeline from the Jordan River far to the north. But what of the rest of the Negev? Can it again be made livable?

At the beginning of the Christian era a people known as the Nabateans not only lived in the Negev but farmed it. Traces of their ancient agricultural plots can still be seen as the traveler passes by on

FR. KEARNEY, S.J., an associate editor of AMERICA, recently returned from a trip to the Mideast.

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Here is just one sample of its quality. West and East meet in Geneva on March 15 for a disarmament conference. America, lacking a plan of its own, is ready to make proposals that are practically carbon copies of the plan laid before the UN General Assembly last September by Britain's Selwyn Lloyd.

Strength? Leadership? Khrushchev's Berlin ultimatum is 16 months old. The summit is two months off. But Uncle Sam is still muddling along, counting on good luck and hasty improvisation to counter Khrushchev's determined thrusts. Our forecast for May: cloudy and unseasonably cold.

Repair Job in Asia

With the summit meeting in the offing, mending fences seems to have become the chief Communist preoccupation

in Asia. From India to Indonesia, Red prestige has been at a low ebb. The brutal rape of Tibet, Red China's aggressive probing of India's northern frontier and Peking's bitter quarrel with Indonesia over that country's several million inhabitants of Chinese ancestry have all served to rouse naturally suspicious Asian minds. Imperialism, many Asians are fast becoming convinced, is not an exclusively Western vice.

Presumably under Soviet prodding, Red China began the repair job several weeks before Premier Khrushchev took off on his latest jaunt through Asia. Out of a clear sky came the sudden, surprising announcement that Peking had finally agreed to settle, to its neighbor's satisfaction, a long-standing argument with Burma concerning their common frontier.

Then, in rapid succession, came two

other diplomatic moves. On Feb. 28 Red China's Chou En-lai accepted an invitation from Prime Minister Nehru to visit New Delhi in April and talk over frontier troubles. In Jakarta, Mr. Khrushchev agreed to extend to Indonesia a \$250-million loan with the understanding that President Sukarno would not abandon his policy of Cold War neutrality.

Indians, Burmese and Indonesians were quick to accept the proffered hand of conciliation. But there were signs that none of them was being fooled. As a London *Economist* correspondent wrote, "these godlike personal appearances" of Communist officialdom in Asia are becoming so commonplace that Mr. Khrushchev is no longer mistaken for "the man from the other side of the moon." The Communist fence-mending operation is going to require the test of time.

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the road to Eilat. Using the area's natural water-sheds, they were able to funnel the Negev's limited rainfall into cisterns, thereby saving every drop. Israel's agricultural experts are now experimenting with the methods of the Nabateans. The theory is: If the Negev bloomed in 100 A.D., why not now? One is constrained to answer: Why not?

Government officials, however, have no corner

on enthusiasm. One could not help but be impressed

by the young Englishman who pulled up stakes in

Britain a few years ago and came to Israel with

an Australian bride to work in a cellulose-tape fac-

tory in the village of Kiryat Gat. He has his com-

plaints. The cost of living is high. He finds that food

bills for himself, his wife and his two children con-

sume almost all his monthly salary. His village is

settled in large part by North Africans—but he and

the other "Anglo-Saxons" in his circle have little or

no social contact with them. Israel, the visitor soon

discovers, also has its race problem.

The hope is, of course, that within a generation or two all such minority groups will be fused into a homogeneous whole. Certainly the country is making a determined effort in that direction. Scores of

so-called *ulpanim* dot the country. For want of a

better translation, these may be called "language

schools," where not only the newly arrived immi-

grant but any resident in Israel may take an intensive

course in spoken Hebrew. At Netanya's *ulpan* the

writer discovered representatives of about 30 nations

in a group of 100 students, among them the Bene-

dictine Abbot of Jerusalem's Dormition Monastery.

The aim of the *ulpan*, as this one's dynamic direc-
ress explained, is not merely to communicate a
knowledge of the Hebrew language and an apprecia-
tion of Israeli culture. She also envisaged the *ulpan*
as an instrument which would eventually make Israel
a showplace of unity in a divided world. Israel is to
be a practical demonstration that peoples of different
background can live together in harmony. One may
question the logic of such a statement. Israel, insofar
as it proclaims itself to be a Jewish state, is not a
pluralistic society in our sense of the word. But one
cannot question the enthusiasm with which such
statements are made.

This is but a cross section of the people of Israel.
But it is representative. Everywhere one is struck by
the sense of national purpose, by the industry and by
the determination to make Israel a going concern
that infects these four typical citizens. Everyone is
conscious, of course, of the hostility of the country's
surrounding Arab neighbors. But no siege mentality
paralyzes Israel. UN Secretary General Dag Ham-
marskjold's recent warning that the "situation" in
the Middle East is again deteriorating went almost
unnoticed. Somehow scare headlines seem incongruous
here as one gazes out upon the gently swaying
date palms just across the street in the gardens of
Jerusalem's King David Hotel. But then, anything can
happen. The Jordanian frontier is a few yards down
the street in the opposite direction.

VINCENT S. KEARNEY

Washington Front

The 1960 Campaign Slogans

IF TRADITION is observed, the 1960 battle for the Presidency will not get under way formally until four or five weeks after the national conventions; that is to say, around Labor Day. Already, however, there is much talk here about strategy and tactics in the campaign.

Some of the Democratic professionals, worried by Russia's spectacular gains in the military, scientific and economic fields, are saying that their nominee for President ought to tell Americans the truth—call on them to face up to the harsh facts in a perilous world and be prepared for sacrifices if necessary.

They argue that he will have no alternative from a moral standpoint.

Ah, but how profitable would it be from a cold-blooded political standpoint? Do the American voters really want things presented to them "with the bark on," as Sam Rayburn would say, or do they go for the candidate who sees a rainbow ahead and promises them a life relatively free of worry?

The record of this century shows that our candidates for President, notably the successful ones, have often given in to the temptation to tell the voters just what the voters wanted to hear. It was so in 1916, when Woodrow Wilson won a second term with the slogan "He kept us out of war"—the inference being that he would continue to do so. Another instance was the 1940 campaign, one of the most shockingly dishonest in our history. President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his Repub-

lican rival, Wendell Willkie, both realized that it would be a miracle if the United States escaped involvement in World War II. Yet both had the gall to promise American parents that their sons would be kept out of the holocaust.

Adlai E. Stevenson, in what some regarded as a refreshing burst of candor at the outset of the 1952 campaign, said: "The ordeal of the 20th century—the bloodiest, most turbulent era of the Christian age—is far from over. Sacrifice, patience, understanding and implacable purpose may be our lot for years to come. Let's face it. Let's talk sense to the American people. Let's tell them the truth, that there are no gains without pains. . . . Better we lose the election than mislead the people."

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Republican nominee, took a different tack, saying: "We have had a Government that has led us from crisis to crisis. Sixteen out of the past 20 years have been classed as emergency years. . . ." The implication here, of course, was that he would remove the clouds so that Americans could relax in a crisis-free world—a smart political gambit, as it turned out.

Thomas J. Watson Jr., president of the International Business Machines Corp. and a leading industrialist, told a Senate committee here recently that in the Soviet Union we "face the challenge of our lives." To meet the challenge he favored higher taxes and "any sacrifices necessary." He said we could not go along with "business as usual" and hope to win.

It is possible, although not likely, that a nominee for President will talk that way next autumn. But who would bet that the American people would elect a man who did talk that way?

EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

On All Horizons

SERVICE ENDS. Linna Bresette, for many years staff member of the NCWC Social Action Dept., died recently in Kansas City, Mo. She was well known throughout the country for her work as organizer of NC-sponsored national Catholic industrial conferences.

►**GROWTH.** A permanent, full-time central information office of the Liturgical Conference is now functioning (3428 9th St., N.E., Wash. 17, D.C.).

►**LITURGICAL TAPE-TALK.** According to a story in the Cincinnati *Telegraph-Register* there are now over 400 members of the Tape-of-the-Month Club. This organization, founded a year ago, distributes to discussion groups on a loan basis recordings of talks delivered

at Liturgical Weeks of past years. The work is headed by Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Berger, 3307 Clifton Ave., Cincinnati 20, Ohio.

►**VISITOR.** Rev. Joseph Christie, S.J., corresponding editor of *AMERICA* in London and one of Britain's most brilliant preachers and controversialists, is now lecturing in the United States and Canada. At the end of February he was engaged in giving the Newman Club mission to the more than 1,200 Catholic students of McGill University, Montreal.

►**CANADIAN HONOR.** The 1960 Christian Culture Award is to be conferred April 10 on John Cogley, *Commonweal* columnist and a director of the

Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions of the Fund for the Republic. The award is given annually by Assumption University, Windsor, Ont., to an outstanding lay exponent of Christian ideals.

►**CONGRESS FILM.** An 18-minute promotional film for the August International Eucharistic Congress in Munich has been prepared bearing the title, *Call to the World*. Inquiries and orders should be sent to Film Committee, International Eucharistic Congress, Promenadeplatz 2, Munich 2, Germany.

►**HOW TO TELL THE WORLD.** Publicity chairmen will profit from consulting a new public relations handbook by a working newspaperman. In 24 pages John A. Shanahan gives hints on matters from leads to libel. From the Author, Room 509, 165 W. 46th St., New York 36, N. Y. \$1.00. R.A.C.

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Editorials

The Battle for Berlin: First Phase

IN BROAD DIPLOMATIC SWEEPS the strategic maneuvering preparatory to the summit Battle for Berlin is now gathering momentum in East and West. With a little over two months to go, the political generalship on both sides of the Iron Curtain is covering rear and flanks, reaffirming friendships, competing for neutrals, writing tons of position papers and unleashing the psychological warriors to fill the air and the press with propaganda.

Thus, with Germany the core problem between East and West and Berlin the focal point of attack and counterattack, President Eisenhower is tightening up old bonds in the American home bastion. Khrushchev meanwhile is seeking to negotiate at least a period of quiescence on Soviet Russia's second flank, Asia, while he musters all his force for the onslaught in Europe.

The first open move will be President de Gaulle's state visit to London, and in the meantime the French President has strengthened his negotiating position by the explosion of his plutonium bomb and his successful mastery of domestic opposition. Moreover, he has re-forged France's link with Nato. As a result of mutual concessions, France will receive further command functions in Nato, and in return the French Air Force and Mediterranean fleet will be under both Nato and French command for specific purposes. Furthermore, now that France can speak as a nuclear power, conversations have begun looking to an adjustment of the control of nuclear warheads on French soil.

In the field of arms reduction, there has been "philosophical meditation" among the principal Nato allies in Washington preparatory to the Western disarmament conference opening in Geneva on March 15. The problem in this field is complicated by the fact that "disarmament" has two faces. There is the propaganda visage, where total disarmament, Soviet style (that is,

in a void), is matched by total disarmament, American style (that is, under a rule of law). Then there is the practical countenance of arms reduction in stages, paralleling agreement on adequate inspection and control.

The objective of all this maneuvering on a worldwide canvas is Berlin, which Soviet Russia wishes to take and the Nato allies to hold, more or less. In this sector there is no hint of the thinnest concession by the Kremlin. The Soviet Government's most extreme threat—that it will sign a peace treaty with the East German regime at Pankow if the Western Powers fail to comply with Soviet conditions for the evacuation of Berlin—has been reiterated. Moreover, the sneaky attempt of the Soviet command in Berlin to modify the annual passes for Western liaison officers at Potsdam—by making them read "German Democratic Republic" in place of "Soviet Occupied Zone of Germany"—was just one more straw indicating that no holds will be barred by the Kremlin in the fight for Berlin. The rejection by the allied zone commanders of this sly device to obtain recognition *de facto* of Pankow was encouraging evidence of firmness at the military level. It is to be hoped that at the political level the same Western solidarity and firmness will be found, because it is clear that Khrushchev is in no mood to compromise. President Eisenhower's reference once more, at a recent press conference, to the Berlin situation as "abnormal" was not reassuring. Further painful evidence of a lack of cohesion in the West was the tempest in a teapot over Bonn's feelers to Madrid for training and supply bases on Spanish soil. (These, it now turns out, were cleared by General Norstad in advance.)

The West can scarcely afford the luxury of petty bickering as it prepares to face the wily Soviet Premier in May.

CED Educates Businessmen

THIS EDITORIAL was projected as a study of a new book, Karl Schriftgiesser's *Business Comes of Age*, published by Harper, which tells the 18-year-old story of the Committee for Economic Development. By a happy circumstance, however, *Business Week*, in a recent issue, beat us to the gun. It accomplished the job with such éclat that we can scarcely do better than turn this column over to our sister weekly. From the opening paragraph to the mordant conclusion, the *BW* editorial is an example of the kind of writing that stirs not only businessmen but students of journalism as well. This is the lead paragraph:

The American businessman, in the eyes of many a novelist, newspaperman and university intellect-

tual, is a self-seeking fathead whose abiding aim is to turn the clock back to the era of William McKinley when government and labor unions were tiny and insignificant institutions.

After a slashing paragraph like that, no reader is going to toss the magazine aside and turn on television. As the reader continues, he quickly learns that in telling the CED story Mr. Schriftgiesser hoped to show that the egghead's image of the businessman is false.

Why, then, was CED founded, back in the war year of 1942? The editorial, summarizing the author, pithily replies:

To rescue the businessman from intellectual neanderthalism.

To bring business leaders into free association with the best minds in the universities.

To guide business leaders into positions where they could make valuable contributions to national economic policy—and where those contributions would be accepted as something more than the loaded proposals of just another special-interest group.

Has CED achieved its goals? Has it stimulated business thinking and influenced the course of events? You bet it has, says *BW*, echoing Mr. Schriftgiesser. Its "success story is in the best Horatio Alger tradition of U. S. business." It promoted intelligent business planning for postwar expansion. It helped shape the Bretton Woods scheme for the International Bank and the Monetary Fund. It contributed to the intellectual ferment that resulted in the Employment Act of 1946, the Marshall Plan and the liberal trade policy embodied in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. It pioneered among businessmen in exorcising the old

myth that unbalanced budgets, except in wartime, are always and everywhere dangerous and sinful.

Nor, concludes the editorial, were any of the CED positions permitted to be frozen into dogmas. Its greatest contribution to business thinking has probably been "to free it of cant, to inform it with the most careful and objective and open-minded study" of the changing scene. In bringing businessmen to look on contemporary social, economic and political thinking with mature minds, CED "played a major if sometimes lonely part."

Those last words in quotes are Schriftgiesser's, but *BW* makes them its own.

What strikes us about this editorial performance is, in turn, its own freedom from cant. So much of the thinking in business and labor periodicals is stereotyped that it is refreshing to open a business journal and happen on this kind of writing. If CED has helped to educate businessmen, so, too, has *BW*. In one breath we congratulate CED, Mr. Schriftgiesser and the editors of the nation's leading business weekly.

Do Catholics Support Their Colleges?

KEEPING A COLLEGE or a university afloat these days demands friends with checkbooks. If any confirmation of this proposition is required, you can find it in figures released last month by the Council for Financial Aid to Education in its survey of voluntary support during 1958-59. The 1,071 institutions in the survey received \$751 million in voluntary support—54.9 per cent for current operations and 45.1 per cent for capital purposes.

Upon what single source do the colleges lean most for their outside support? The Government? No. Business corporations? No. Foundations like the Ford and the Carnegie? No. All these esteemed sources are valuable, but the principal friends of our financially pressed collegiate institutions are the alumni. In 1958-59, the Council reports, the old boys and girls dug up \$153 million (20.3 per cent) of the cash needed to keep alma mater in business and to assist her campus expansion.

Twenty per cent, or one dollar in five, is the national average. The support, however, of the alumnae of the 142 private women's colleges surveyed was double that: they gave two dollars in five. Among the alumnae groups leading in generosity were those of five Catholic colleges: St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, 92 per cent; Maryville, St. Louis, 89 per cent; Good Counsel, White Plains, 83 per cent; Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, 68 per cent; Trinity, Washington, 66 per cent.

Sixty per cent of Harvard's awesome \$38 million, the 1958-59 pinnacle of voluntary giving, was provided by Crimson alumni. Similarly, 55 per cent of Columbia's \$16 million, 46 per cent of Syracuse's \$2.5 million and 45 per cent of Tulane's \$5.3 came from loyal graduates.

Eleven Catholic institutions received better than a million dollars in benefactions from all sources, including Government and business. Georgetown with \$4.7 million, St. Louis with \$2.9 and the Catholic University

with \$2.6 had the top totals here. But the schools in this category whose alumni contributions formed the largest portion of total voluntary aid were three others: St. Thomas College, which derived 89 per cent of its support from alumni; Creighton, which derived 46 per cent; and Notre Dame, which derived 29 per cent.

Impressive as these figures from a few schools may be, the support offered by the graduates of the Catholic college or university remains generally poor. Even when adjustments are made to allow for the difference in financial status among families and the longer tradition of patronage for the Ivy League institutions, Catholic college alumni and alumnae support is well below the national average, even in respect to total participation. Granted, moreover, that the bulk of Catholic college alumni is of post-World War II vintage, the disturbing question is still to be answered, why do so relatively few of our alumni and alumnae give to alma mater?

Perhaps the question should be broadened. Why is the Catholic community generally so indifferent to the financial problems of Catholic higher education? Does the burden of support for parochial schools, heavy as it admittedly is, completely absolve individuals, parishes and dioceses from assisting higher education? Is there any reason why the religious orders must continue to carry the burden of collegiate education pretty much alone? The Catholic colleges and universities of the United States will never be enabled to exert the influence expected of them until the pattern of support is substantially broadened.

Our graduates themselves should be the ones most conscious of this obligation. The tuition and fees they were able to pay as students covered only partially the heavy costs of their own education. The largesse they now return as a debt of honor will help the colleges in turn to better serve the needs of the present generation of students.

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Red Pocket in Colombia

Eugene K. Culhane

THE PEOPLE of Colombia are sick and tired—and ashamed—of the violence that exists in their country. Violence is not a completely new phenomenon in Colombia, but this time it is a serious one. Since 1948, in this nation ostensibly at peace, there are said to have been almost 100,000 deaths at the hands of bandits and desperadoes. Official figures for 1959 give 2,006 deaths by violence in the five Provinces most affected. Thus Colombians are desperate; twelve years after the outbreak of their civil war they have still not been able to stop the wanton bloodshed. And they are ashamed; because in one-fifth of their country, with its four-centuries-old Christian traditions of relative peace and order, outlaws today roam unchecked.

There is one aspect of the violence that Colombians are particularly concerned over and about which they don't even like to talk. In more than one of those areas of outlawry, international communism has appeared and has organized its forces so cunningly that for more than two decades it has maintained a sort of "state within a state." The Communist leaders of those mountainous zones have given to the series of enclaves they control the pretentious name of the Republic of Tequendama. A few years ago, in a gesture of bravado, they actually issued 20-peso bonds, for sale among their "citizens"; and they printed revenue stamps, bearing the heads of Marx, Lenin and Stalin, which they hand around as proof of contributions to the Communist war chest.

This series of Communist-dominated pockets, most of them close together and some interconnecting, runs through the impenetrable mountain region of south-central Colombia. They embrace the towns of Viotá, Sumapaz, Villarica, Dolores, Gaitania, El Pato, Cumaral, etc. Those names mean nothing to the outsider, but to the Colombian who is aware that Communist forces rule there with impunity, those names bring a flush of anger and frustration.

VIOTÁ: A COMMUNIST ENCLAVE

Fifty miles southwest of Bogotá as the crow flies, but almost three hours by car on roads that get constantly more corrugated as the capital city recedes, lies the municipality of Viotá, oldest and best-organized of the Communist strongholds. The town of Viotá itself is insignificant. Going down its main street, you notice nothing remarkable about its unpaved back streets or

Fr. CULHANE, S.J., our Managing Editor, gathered material for this report during his stay in Colombia last month.

its less than 3,000 inhabitants. From where the bus lets you off at a soft-drink café, the main stop, Viotá looks like any other sleepy Colombian town. If you walk to your right, to the west, you can wander as far as you please through coffee groves. But if you turn east and go 200 yards beyond Viotá's last houses, you leave the jurisdiction of Colombia. You here enter a zone in which Colombia can no longer guarantee your safety. You are in one segment—the most famous—of the Communists' Republic of Tequendama. This Viotá segment is no larger than a couple of U. S. counties, and you will fail to find it marked on any map. But if you set foot in it unbidden, you shortly become aware of its very definite, very sinister existence.

Eastward from Viotá, the country rises rapidly for about three hours of travel by horse, in a region where one moves along dim trails up to the crest of Colombia's Cordillera Oriental. Scattered across that rugged slope, where the foliage is thick and the winds are temperate all year long, about 10,000 coffee pickers work on plantations that stretch for miles and miles. Many of them are anything but Communists in their ideas, but all of them—convinced and unconvinced alike—follow the orders of their omnipresent Red bosses. They know that if they don't, their house will be mysteriously burned down—or they will be shot by a stray bullet.

"When you start up those trails to the Communist headquarters," a recent visitor to Viotá told me, "you won't see a soul. But there are sentinels watching you. Before you have gotten out of sight of the main highway, a runner will have set out ahead of you, spreading the word that you are coming."

If those sentinels watch individuals, they are all the more on the watch for Government troops. Ten years ago, a detachment of 20 (some say 200) State troopers came to Viotá to get a clandestine radio transmitter that was directing and spurring on the guerrilla raids in that part of Colombia. Perhaps news of their coming had gone ahead of them, perhaps not. At any rate, the cavalcade had just started up the winding trail when a volley of shots rang out from the foliage, and a number of the police fell dead or wounded beside their horses. So well hidden were their assailants that no one saw them. Some claim that the invasion ended right there; others say that a larger Government force came some days later and that a few of them were allowed to go up to dismantle the transmitter. One definite fact is that since then no Government troops have climbed that trail.

The boss of Viotá and adjacent Communist strong-

holds is a man who just turned 50 this year. Victor J. Merchán has long been the secretary general of the Communist regional committee of Tequendama; since November, 1958 he has also been serving on the national committee—a sign that he wields considerable influence in the party today. Merchán lives in a hamlet called Brasil, an hour and a half up those paths. There the Communists apparently feel secure, for the recent party Plenum gathered there in Brasil to plan the 1960 strategy for all Colombia, in accordance with orders from Mexico and Montevideo. There, too, in a large wooden meeting hall called the Casa de la Liga Campesina, hundreds of coffee workers from miles around are summoned to weekly meetings, where they hear their problems analyzed in terms of Yankee imperialism and the oppression of the big landowners. Sometimes Merchán addresses these gatherings; sometimes the spokesmen are his lieutenants Piñeros or Valencio. The normal meetings, held on Saturdays or Sundays, are for both men and women, but during the week occasional special get-togethers for the womenfolk are held.

Once a month, right after the roll call at the workers' meeting, comes the payment of contributions to the Communist war chest. One peso is the minimum expected of all; more is paid, up to 20 pesos, according to the individual's means and income. Once a year a special tax is levied to meet the quota assigned by the party to each region of Colombia. The August 1, 1959 issue of the Communist weekly *Voz de la Democracia* stated that Viotá's quota (6,500 pesos) was the highest in the country that year—and that five-sixths of it had been paid by that date. Every worker is also expected to buy his copy of *Voz de la Democracia* each week. If he can't read, at least he can show solidarity.

Another building in Brasil, a smaller one, is the two-story Casa Comunista, where a mimeograph machine grinds out cheap propaganda sheets urging support of the "Democratic Front of National Liberation"—the euphemism that now replaces the former, more explicit "Communist party." In that building an advanced training school, La Escuela de Cuadros, under its director, Martín Camargo, instructs candidates from all over Colombia in Marxist doctrine, organization techniques and sabotage. A frequent lecturer in these classrooms is Gilberto Vieira Uribe, top man in the party's hierarchy in Colombia. Like Merchán, who was in Moscow and Peking for several months last autumn, Vieira has had the benefit of a thorough Moscow education. To settle petty disputes over property boundaries, family squabbles, thefts, and so on, a court, served by three judges, sits from time to time in the Casa Comunista.

Brasil and the surrounding areas of Viotá are thus a fortress beyond the reach of the Government of Colombia. It is hard to know what is truth and what is exaggeration, for the Communists themselves try to

whip up a myth about their strength. However, it is believed that they have dug caves in the hills near Brasil, against the day when Government planes try to bomb them out. They are also said to have a rifle range there for training recruits. Like all the hamlets of those Communist-held areas, Brasil has its armed militia. Not long ago it boasted three separate contingents: one of 70 men under Antonio Moreno; another of 50 under Luis Domínguez; and one of 45 under Rómulo Montilla. The next hamlet, Alto Palmar, half an hour away, is said to have 40 armed men; Bajo Palmar has the same; San Martín has 30; and so on across that practically roadless fastness of coffee groves and overgrowth. According to recent reports, a blacksmith shop in Bajo Palmar turns out two or three simple but effective guns a week. Just above Alto Palmar there is a cemetery, without stones or crosses, where the enemies of Tequendama, who have been liquidated for treachery or other reasons, are buried.

How did this Communist stronghold in Viotá get started? Communists, who this year celebrate the 30th anniversary of their activity in Colombia, have been in Viotá for 26 of those years. In 1934, a year of great hardship in Colombia, especially in the countryside, Merchán, who had recently come to Viotá from Boyacá, led some near-starving coffee pickers in to squat on the remote corners of the Hacienda de Florencia, the

vast property of a planter named Arístides Salgado. Merchán cut out parcels of land, which at that time lay uncultivated, and distributed them among the workers. A few of these latter have since purchased their land, but the party policy is that such a step is treason to one's fellow squatters. Today Señor Salgado still visits his properties periodically to confer with his farm manager, but he never asks questions about that upper half of his land, nor does he visit it.

The policy of the masters of Viotá and other such Communist enclaves in Colombia has not been to create anarchy and violence, but to dig in and control the areas they dominate. They want to demonstrate that order reigns in the zones that they hold. From the 1930's until 1948, the Communists made a great deal of publicity about their absolute rule in Viotá, for it gave party members confidence to know that a piece of Colombian soil was under a Communist mayor and town council, that Communists hired and fired the teachers in the schools, and that pictures of Stalin, not crucifixes, hung over the blackboards in the schools there.

But in 1948 the tactic changed. That year a bloody civil war broke out in Colombia. Guerrilla bands pillaged and slaughtered everywhere, sometimes in the name of their Conservative or Liberal party loyalties, sometimes just for rapine. So the Communists played down the talk about their independent republic, and concentrated on masterminding the *guerrilleros* all over the country. Government-appointed



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officials were allowed back in Viotá, as the Communists retired to Brasil and other secluded spots. Particularly from 1953 on, when President Rojas Pinilla's troops were hunting down Colombian Communists, Merchán and his associates hardly ever left the safety of Brasil. Their women went down to get the mail and groceries in Viotá; the men lay low. The Rojas Government, which at first had determined to take over the area by an all-out frontal attack, finally decided to penetrate it pacifically by opening roads and initiating an agrarian reform.

This holding tactic of the Communists in Viotá fitted in well, too, with the policy of "autodefense," which the party had adopted several years before the civil war. That little euphemism meant the creation of workers' militia, bands of armed men, ready to fight in the city or rural areas whenever needed. This tactic enabled the Communists to have at their disposal a pool of veteran fighters, to move one step closer to the armed struggle, and yet to hold back while others killed each other and kept up the state of violence. A report to the party's Eighth Congress (1958) asserted:

Our party policy during the period of armed fighting and terrorism under the dictator [Rojas Pinilla] was that of autodefense, which was carried out with telling effect in certain regions, as Viotá.

Since the departure of Rojas Pinilla and the advent of the present bipartisan Government in Colombia, the Viotá Communists have nobody to fight. They now call themselves Liberals, and scarcely mention the word Communist. Merchán, who has four farms of his own today, is no longer timid about appearing in public. Recently, in fact, in a public square of Bogotá, he gave a speech on the needs of the landless peasants; in January he held a rally, to which over 1,000 farmers came, in a town called Silvania, an hour away from Viotá. He is trying to extend his influence as the champion of the agrarian worker. This past year a small military post was opened about an hour away from Brasil, but in territory Merchán considers his own. His requests that it be removed have been ignored.

SUMAPAZ: A NEWER VIOTA

Southeast of Viotá, the cordillera or mountain ridge rises to the stony slopes of the Cerro Nevado, which towers 15,000 feet over central Colombia. That gusty, wilder area, called Sumapaz, is another zone of looser, but definite Communist influence. Its cacique, or boss, Juan de la Cruz Varela, is a tough farmer who taught himself to read and write, and who has been elected several times to the Provincial Assemblies by his devoted followers. As a young man, he was one of the handful of militant fighters for agrarian reform. It was a cause that deserved immediate attention in the depression years of the 1930's, as thousands of landless farmers starved while the absentee landowners of vast estates left their properties in large part uncultivated. Varela became the peasants' hero by his success in challenging the court orders that evicted them when they had moved in on unused lands.

In 1948, when the flames of open insurrection raced across Colombia and the Conservative Government declared a war of extermination against the rebellious, pro-Liberal farmers of Sumapaz, the Communists were the only ones who offered money and arms to Varela and his embattled men. He accepted the Communists' help, and shortly thereafter joined their cause completely. Since then he has become an avid reader of Mao Tse-tung's books on guerrilla warfare—he distributes them among his followers, too—and in the years of fighting against the Government forces has proved abundantly that he has mastered the brush-fire tactics they advocate.

Unlike Brasil and large tracts of the Viotá area, Sumapaz is not forbidden to outsiders. Anyone comes and goes there. In fact, the Communists, who style themselves "agrarian Liberals" in Sumapaz, are bitterly opposed by the Liberal party there. This opposition has at times led to bloody clashes. On February 14, for example, some days after the Liberal chief of Pandi, a town in the Sumapaz area, had been ambushed and nearly killed, Varela himself was set upon by hoodlums in the streets of Bogotá, apparently in revenge for that attack in Pandi, and narrowly escaped with his life.

Varela's heyday, however, came in the mid-1950's, when, under the Rojas dictatorship, more than 25,000 hungry peasants followed his orders in resisting the Government planes and soldiery. His prestige has dimmed considerably today, for the farmers of Sumapaz, who raise only potatoes and corn—poorly paying crops in comparison with the top-dollar coffee crop of Viotá and other regions—are loath to pay the monthly contributions he demands, now that no enemy threatens them. The achievement of total control has thus proved a hurtful gain for the Communists in Sumapaz. Nevertheless, Varela and his lieutenants have nearly duplicated in that zone the "state within a state" that exists in Viotá.

How do Viotá and Sumapaz fit in with the other five or six patches of Communist-dominated territory in Colombia? For reasons both of practical necessity and of greater mobility, these strongholds are decentralized in their operation. However, their leaders obey the common directives of Merchán and the other members of the party's national committee. Many of the zones dominated by the Reds are in fact contiguous, and all are trained to exchange information and to come to each other's support when necessary.

Are these Communist enclaves implicated in the active violence of the *bandoleros* who still terrify wide areas of south-central Colombia? The Tequendama authorities offer sanctuary to any bandits hard-pressed by the police or soldiers, and they are willing and happy to help them to continue the unrest. However, *bandoleros* are individualists. Many of them, who are unwilling to take orders from Merchán, Varela or anyone else, claim to be warring still in the name of their former party loyalties. Thus a Conservative chieftain, Tacuma, operates across the Magdalena River to the west, and there are easily a dozen Liberal caciques up and down the Colombian countryside. Often they fight among

themselves over areas of jurisdiction. Thus, on January 11 a wide-roving, self-styled Communist guerrilla fighter, Charro Negro, was killed while trying to take over from the Liberal bandit, Mariachi, the town of Gaitania in Huila.

On January 25 I spoke about the Republic of Tequendama with Colombia's President Alberto Lleras Camargo. He admitted that the Colombian Government has indeed been frustrated so far in its efforts to extirpate these Communist pockets. "However," he said, "this thing has been going on for a long time, and we are determined first of all to stamp out the active bandits, the ones who carry the violence right into peaceful towns and farming areas." Since the Communists are content to be quiet, he explained, the other bandits are a more urgent danger. To reach both the free-lancing *bandoleros* and the Communists, the President went on, Colombia will have to open many new roads into

those deserted regions. The police and soldiers will also have to learn the guerrilla tactics used in Korea so successfully by the UN forces, and they will have to acquire the special equipment, such as helicopters, which such operations demand.

What is the significance of the Republic of Tequendama? It is a clear lesson to all Latin Americans that communism can enter into deserted agrarian areas where discontent prevails, and, once there, become extremely hard to uproot. Fidel Castro's successes in the Sierra Maestra and the Sierra de Escambray of Cuba show how easy it is. Meanwhile, at their international congresses, the Communists of Colombia take quiet pride in the nearly three decades of their rule in Tequendama. They urge on the outlaws who still roam about, keeping up the pillage and anarchy. And they sit back, content to maintain their *pax communistica*, and to wait for their big chance—tomorrow.

Madison Avenue Mafia?

Patrick J. Sullivan

SEVERAL TIMES between now and next November, I freely predict that several articles, and perhaps a few books, will hint darkly that our next President will be selected not by the traditional American system based on ward heelers, county bosses and back-room logrolling at the convention, but by shady public relations men, operating from a mysterious area known as Madison Avenue.

From reading the columns of the nation's professionally indignant commentators, one could have gathered the impression that the recently exposed rash of television scandals was the work of the same Madison Avenue mafia.

Now, I am a public relations man and I know most of the influential public relations executives in New York, yet I intend to vote only once next November, and I don't expect to know who our next President will be until the morning of November 9. Right up until he returned from his hegira to the mountains, I thought Charley Van Doren was on the level.

IS MADISON AVENUE HONEST?

Frankly, I'm getting pretty tired of sharing the blame for everything that has gone wrong in this vale of tears since the time of the Flood.

Public relations, as I try to practice it and as it is practiced by the overwhelming majority of my associates, is the business of representing to the public in

the best possible light the firms, corporations or associations which employ us. It has been widely implied that public relations is systematic fraud and deceit; I know that it is not.

Ethically, the pursuit of public relations is neutral and, as such, can be applied to either good or evil ends. After all, the relationship of the public relations man to his client is exactly the same as the lawyer's relationship with his employer. The lawyer operates within a formalized system of behavior when he represents widows and orphans, murderers and rapists, soulless corporations and giant philanthropies. In a theatrically arranged courtroom, before a microcosm of public opinion, the lawyer presents his employer in the best available light. In a larger arena, before the whole public, the public relations man performs the same service for his client. Public relations men have to be more selective of clients than lawyers, and yet the law is regarded as one of the learned professions, and as such has the respect of the community.

Selling is also analogous to public relations work. Though not on a par with the lawyer, the salesman is accepted by his neighbors as the follower of an honest trade, and he is accepted as such without reservation.

One group that is sometimes moved to make hostile appraisal of the public relations profession bears, in fact, striking resemblance to the object of its indignation in its own ordinary operations. I refer to the most respected of journalistic professionals, the editorial writers of the nation's newspapers. These holier-than-anybody gentlemen daily compose enough highly opinionated prose to cover profitably most of the nation's arable

Mr. SULLIVAN, *public relations director for General Dynamics Corp.*, here defends his colleagues in the trade from a charge "which bothers me."

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acres. The opinions they express, however, are paid for by the publisher and may or may not be their own. Yes, the editorial writers are like public relations men.

There are crooks and double-dealers in public relations, just as there are perjurers in the profession of law, uneducated quacks and irresponsible fee-splitters in the medical profession, salesmen who lie about the performance of the products they sell, and Democratic editorial writers who work for Republican newspapers. But even as most lawyers are upright, most doctors compassionate, most salesmen honest in their beliefs about their products, most editorial writers frank about what they think, so most public relations men are also square shooters, and largely for the same reasons. One big reason, of course, is that they have to be square shooters. An organization that is anxious enough about its reputation to hire a public relations man can't afford to be represented by anyone but a man of the highest character. General Motors would not consider for a moment having an ex-ambulance athlete as a member of its legal staff. President Eisenhower selected Jim Hagerty, a man of spotless reputation, to represent his Administration to the press. Men who direct public relations activities of hospitals, colleges, trade associations, leading businesses, philanthropic organizations, dioceses and religious orders usually represent the high moral character of the organizations themselves.

It seems, nevertheless, that only in the field of public relations do people overlook the overwhelming majority of honest men to make a judgment of the profession on the basis of the few mavericks who contaminate every sizable group.

SUSPICIONS WITHOUT BASIS

Why does this attitude persist? There are a couple of reasonable explanations. Public relations is one of the new professions that have become connected with business in the past 50 years as more scientific methods of management have become common. Unlike accounting, insurance management, industrial relations or personnel management—or even advertising—public relations did not grow up in the business framework, but was transplanted almost full-blown from the field of journalism. As aliens from a world romantically misrepresented in the public mind and as agents dealing in the unmeasurable arena of public opinion, public relations people as a group are not too well understood by their associates in business.

On the other hand, some journalists profess to look upon the public relations man as an apostate who has gone over to the enemy camp with the express purpose of using his inside information about newspapers to dupe them into printing false, misleading puffs about his new employers. Yet every reporter knows that in most cases when he talks to a public relations man or reads a news release the facts he gets are correct. I have read statements by newspaper editors and publishers estimating that—in extreme ranges—from thirty to eighty per cent of the stories appearing in American newspapers first come to the attention of the papers in the form of news releases.

Why, then, the persistent denigration of an ethically neutral trade that is generally practiced with some circumspection? Irritatingly enough, I think a good bit of it comes from within the public relations business.

The guilty parties I have in mind are found in all walks of life, but an unfortunately large, stagnant body of them seems to have collected in the public relations business. These are the guys who, when they were in the newspaper business, constantly referred to the paper which employed them as "this rag." During the second week of their tenure they had started griping about the changes from the good old days. If they were on the desk, they complained about inferior reporting; and if they were outside, they complained about the punishment their copy took from the desk. They're the experts on what can't be done.

Naturally, such lackluster personalities don't go far in any business. When they find they are standing still on newspapers, they "take the veil" and give the publicity field a break, since public relations is hungry for any kind of journalistic experience and pays better.

Ten minutes after they are hired, these particular gentlemen start gnawing at the hand of the new master and commence griping about how they've humiliated themselves by taking the additional money they earn in public relations.

They feed this attitude back to their former associates in journalism, and, because most public relations staffs are small and closely knit, they keep the doubts alive in the minds of their more impressionable associates.

Every organization that does business with the public—from the manufacturer of automobile mufflers to governments—can, and in most cases does, utilize public relations counsel. Courses in its techniques are taught at colleges and universities; some of these institutions even offer degrees in the subject. Every branch of the Federal Government and almost every legislator has a public spokesman who would be called a public relations man in any other enterprise.

Yet many of us in the business have not come to grips with the question whether what we are doing is right or wrong, and many persistently refuse to face the question. It must be unsettling to live with an unanswered question like this, but there are even more compelling reasons than this one for public relations men to take a hard look at where they stand with their own consciences.

The only ethics the impersonal large organization knows is the ethics of whether the public approves or disapproves of its policies. As the arbiter of what the public thinks, the public relations man becomes the ethical adviser of the organization which hires him. If he can't decide in his own mind whether what he's doing is supposed to be honest or crooked, he'll have some difficulty giving balanced judgment on the ethical problems on which he is to advise.

A final word. Once we Madison Avenue types have put our man in the White House, we want to make sure he runs the country on sound, God-fearing public relations principles.

Keats' American Dream

John P. Sisk

TO HIS DAUGHTER, F. Scott Fitzgerald once wrote that Keats' "The Eve of St. Agnes" was "probably the finest technical poem in English." This judgment may be too categorical to satisfy a literary scholar, but readers of Fitzgerald who come on it for the first time are not likely to be surprised, for they will most likely have suspected an affinity between these two romantics.

Fitzgerald's response to Keats was more than that of one sensitive craftsman to another; it was the response to a kindred soul. In Keats, Fitzgerald found his own compelling and very American vision of sensuous splendor in combination with his own poignant sense of the transience and corruption that kept the vision from being realized. He wrote of his great good time "when the fulfilled future and the wistful past were mingled in a single gorgeous moment—when life was literally a dream," but even during that time, he also wrote:

All the stories that came into my head had a touch of disaster in them—the lovely young creatures in my novels went to ruin, the diamond mountains of my stories blew up, my millionaires were as beautiful and damned as Thomas Hardy's peasants.

Keats knew all about the lovely young creatures who went to ruin, or became time's ruin. To him as to Fitzgerald a beautiful woman was the supreme expression of the vision splendid, as Madeline was for Porphyro in "The Eve of St. Agnes": the dream of time stopped and made eternity at its moment of greatest sensuous grace and intensity. But Keats' attempt to give the beautiful woman a metaphysical substance by infusing her with romantic platonism gave him little comfort, for "She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die. . . ." His dilemma, which was also Fitzgerald's, was that he was too intelligent to believe wholeheartedly in this dream with all its promise of an infinite sensuous satisfaction, yet too emotionally committed to it to give it up completely. This dilemma is in "Lamia," a poem which Fitzgerald might have recognized as Keats' version of *The Great Gatsby*.

This Keatsean dream, which holds before us the tantalizing possibility of a life of infinite ease and luxury, is a part of the American experience that no politician, economist, psychiatrist, teacher or clergymen can

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afford to ignore. Nor can he afford to ignore the American's endlessly repeated discovery that there is a deception in the dream—that, in Keats' words, ". . . the fancy cannot cheat so well / As she is famed to do. . . ." This discovery is the great American shock. It is what is still shocking in Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*: not the scandal of Carrie's sex life (which may seem peculiarly sexless today), but the fact that she is not happy when she has every reason to expect to be. The shock results characteristically in dilemma, not salvation, for few of the shocked are able to conceive of any alternative to the dream.

... LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

This compelling dream is involved with the American's image of woman, with his sexual attitudes, with his politics, even, according to Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One*, with his burial customs. The dream is erotically utopian; in it the physically glorified woman is both queen of a passionnal fairyland and goddess of liberty, for the possession of her in a passionnal fairyland is widely taken to be the ideal expression of freedom. In her dual function she gathers in the anarchism that is in passionate love and the element of anarchism that is in the American character, and confuses one with the other.

Because the beautiful woman has been made the popular symbol of the ideal earthly condition that our affluent culture induces us to yearn for, the beautiful woman is quite properly called a Dream Girl. The Dream Girl has millennial connotations. She is the central figure in a Porphyro-and-Madeline story, whose sinister implications are obscured by the vision of an erotic bliss so ideal that time and change cannot touch it. Her story implicitly rejects that older American story of a disciplined, ascetic striving.

Thus there is a tremendous burden of political, social, sexual, economic, moral and quasi-religious meaning on the Dream Girl's frail shoulders. It is not surprising that she often breaks down under it.

It is not hard to understand, either, why the Dream Girl is made to suffer when the utopian promise she symbolizes proves in any way illusory. One reason why exposé literature finds it so profitable to reveal or suggest scandalous secrets of famous beauties is that unmasking them satisfies the reader's need to make some one suffer for having induced him (or her) to hope for too much or for the wrong things. Exposé literature, by debasing the Dream Girl and by reducing her glamor

ous fairyland to a city of sin, also affords its public an extreme form of control against compulsion to erotic utopian dreaming—even though it may at the same time ensnare that public in the lickerish glamour of the debased Dream Girl.

The political and sexual despair induced by the dream of an erotic utopia is an important factor also in detective fiction and in the fiction of violence generally. Indeed, much of that fiction is really exposé literature; the bitter truth it tells is that the Dream Girl must pay the penalty for falling beneath her monstrous burden again. Hence amidst the conventional decor of the dream—flashing neon, plush night club, luxury hotel, fabulous night world of the big city—the beautiful woman is ritualistically and sensationalized murdered.

It is because of the despair induced by the erotic utopian dream in exposé fiction that the irresistibly beautiful woman is so often revealed to be vicious, faithless, consumed with avarice and lust—a *femme fatale* somewhat vulgarized. Thus Mickey Spillane is in the tradition of Swinburne, expressing in mid-20th-century terms the sexual and political disillusion that follows when human affairs fall short of paradisiacal promises.

This kind of literature is further enriched and complicated by a very American suspicion that the desire to realize the dream of a life of infinite ease and luxury is itself wicked. So the American in his reach for the material, sensuous utopia must often contend not only with his disillusion but with his uneasy conscience. Thus the Dream Girl who has been installed as Queen of Utopia becomes a double scapegoat: the great failure and the great sinner.

As great sinner, the Dream Girl is dragged down to the level of her former worshipers and made available to them. On the pedestal she demanded too much of them, promised too much and aroused too much tension. Now, off the pedestal and seen to be fundamentally evil, she has forfeited all claims to their idealism and moral compunction. In her corruption she becomes, in fact as well as in fantasy, the occasion for a sexual abandon whose sadistic extremes are punitive and "justified." There is a diabolic morality in the pornography of violence; that may possibly be one of the reasons why it is so hard to stamp out.

In less sensational literature the despair of the erotic utopia is more subtly expressed as the realistically dramatized failure of love that almost inevitably follows great expectations. The fiction of J. P. Marquand and Irwin Shaw provides examples. Madeline and Porphyro escape deliriously into the night, as they do in Keats' poem, but they return to the castle somewhat less deliriously, shaken by the mathematical absurdity of a honeymoon in which two people could add up to so many strangers. They drift along for a time in diminish-

ing ecstasy; she is learning to embroider and he is perfecting his horsemanship. Out of boredom they begin to attend the drunken parties in the castle. Madeline has an affair with a neurotic count. Porphyro, who earlier has let his sympathies be played on by a mixed-up damsel in distress, discovers Madeline's affair and leaves for a far country, a broken man. We are back with Fitzgerald and *Tender Is the Night*, trying to reconcile the facts that man can dream like a god but cannot live like one.

JADED NOTION OF LOVE

A common complaint about this kind of fiction is that it seems to be written by men and women who have never been happily in love. The implication is that writers who have known happy love will quite literally fill their stories with it. But happy love itself has no story; as all romancers know, it is the end of story. We do not follow Porphyro and Madeline into the storm, because, now unmenaced, they have ceased to interest us; they can interest us again only from another, and perhaps less favorable, point of view. Or they interest us as archetypal figures appropriated for our fantasies, in which, without tension and conflict, they make not stories but passionate daydreams.

The important thing for a writer, then, is not so much the amount of happy love in his own life at any particular moment as his faith in the possibilities for love. The fact that there is more of this faith in *Othello* than in *The Great Gatsby*, despite the fact that Fitzgerald seems to have been happily in love when he wrote it, leads us to the real issue: the concept of happy love and the good life that writers and readers of the fiction of disillusioned romance have been forced to reject, lest by accepting it they set themselves up for bitter disappointment.

In any event, there is a great deal of American fiction in which the sexual, political and even religious uncertainties of our time are expressed in a false dilemma: the conviction that one must choose between the dream of the erotic utopia and nothing. Lionel Trilling has called attention to a "solution" to this dilemma: the emergence of a low-keyed, open-eyed, realistic kind of "good sexual partnership," the result of a revolution that has "brought the relationship between marriage and passion love to a virtual end." Porphyro and Madeline "learn to see each other *without illusion* as they are in reality." They "build a life together" in "the mutuality and warmth of their togetherness."

It is quite true that Porphyro and Madeline do that. But it is also true that much of the literature in which one finds this new love is charged with nostalgia for the kind of love that the passionnal utopian dream stands for, as if it were the religious faith of one's childhood that continues to compel emotionally long after it has been given up intellectually. The adultery that occurs so often in this fiction is a desperate attempt to make a ritual connection with the dream. Quite often the marital partners learn to see each other "without illusion," as they are "in reality," by way of adultery, so that their togetherness seems to be founded on a shared con-



viction that all the vitality and magic of love belong with marital infidelity. Their "good sexual relationship" then has an elegiac rather than a romantic basis.

Sloan Wilson's *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* records a typical "mature" and "realistic" way out of the dilemma that proposes the passion dream or nothing; and the low-keyed, protected life that the hero, Thomas Rath, chooses is a clear sign of the extent to which the passion utopian dream, in the form of the adulterous pastoral interlude with the Italian girl, has crippled him. For Rath the symbol of a vital commitment to life is that kind of passion love which is infamously idyllic but certainly disastrous. Its economic analogue is the possibility of great material success (in a broadcasting company) held out to Rath by his employer. This offer Rath must reject because—he does not think of it this way himself—it points to a symbolic repetition of the adulterous interlude, and hence to accept it would be to risk a dangerous kind of total commitment. The fact that Wilson does not question his hero's honesty keeps him from making anything of the connection between the two adulteries; indeed, to have done so might have been to write a much less acceptable, if better, novel.

A BITTER AFTERTASTE

The same wounded innocence on a political level—Rath's wound may have unhappy political effects—can be seen in those disillusioned Marxists who, having found briefly a utopian program that released all their vital energies, can no longer permit themselves a vital commitment to any program. Their adulterous affair with Marx was their crippling pastoral. These people, as one might expect, are among the most violent attackers of erotic utopianism as it appears in all popular mediums. They incline to agree with Shakespeare's Thersites that "all the argument is a cuckold and a whore." Their weakness is their susceptibility to the sentimental fatalism of the story of the good man who hasn't got a chance, whether in love, in politics or in war.

Even the frank detail with which sex is presented in modern American fiction, and which Prof. Douglas Bush has recently found so esthetically offensive, is related to the dream of the erotic utopia. Alfred Kazin has argued that this familiar practice in O'Hara's *From the Terrace* is the result of a mistaken idea that the novel exists to impart information. Kazin also makes the significant remark that the "great" American novel comes alive only in its detailed handling of sexual encounters. What this points to, it seems to me, is the fact that among the factors involved in this artistic failure is social and political despair. When sex is detached from the passion utopian dream, as if it were all that could be salvaged from it, it becomes the object of frantic attention, for it is then all that stands between the individual and nothing. The dissection of it in a harsh light may be (as Kazin says of O'Hara) a desperate attempt to forget that sex is fundamentally evil, or it may be an act of revenge for all that has been taken away; but it may also be an effort to force sex—as if it were an antagonist taken by the throat—to yield up a

final integrating secret that will do what the erotic utopian dream once promised to do: make life glorious with meaning. Perhaps the "salvation" such fiction is groping for is simply D. H. Lawrence's myth of sex.

In the modern world, in short, we cannot afford to forget the politics of sex. A sense of political powerlessness (in part the result of expecting the impossible from politics) often throws an impossible burden on sex or transfers to it disillusionments and frustrations that are only symbolically relevant to it. As a result of lost utopian dreams, energies that normally go into the making of family, society and the state, or into religion, frequently seek in sex an outlet that sex cannot satisfy. Or it works the other way: the failure of the erotic idyl, because of its utopian political assumptions, can leave the individual disillusioned with all social and political effort.

And yet we cannot afford to forget that if in sex there is always, however vaguely realized, an anarchistic potential, there is also in it a protection against social and political threats to freedom. This is why (as Huxley and Orwell have shown us) the totalitarian state quite logically moves against its mortal enemy, the sexual freedom of the individual. For where men are free to choose their women, the outcome may be crippling dreams or simply lust, but it may also be love, and in the face of much love totalitarianism has no chance. Perhaps, then, the obsession with sex in American fiction is an instinctive, if wasteful and confused, attempt to protect freedom lest it become what the dream of the passion utopia was for Keats—the subject of elegy.

Voices

(*For J.S.: A Remembrance*)

Wind rises in the live throat of the day
and whispers elegiacally through trees
that wave in homage to the voiceless clay
who lie beneath the tidy granite stones.

My brothers in the bonedry yard no more
control the mobile tongue within the skull
which named the strangest stars; which blessed or swore
or stuttered through the lovely, painful years.

Within the living room the music plays,
the unsilenced voice of that dead hand
(dead two hundred years) which shall never raise
another finger to a harpsichord.

I listen to the magic-silvered flow,
alive and consequential in the brain,
and hear the contrapuntal come-and-go
of human voices dying to explain.

Music only and the ageless winds own
speech sufficient to sing through time. We,
speakers and listeners, pass beneath the stone,
fold the tongue over words unsaid, unsown,
and wait for the word at time's end to free
the trumpet hidden in the bone.

ROBERT MULDOON

America • MARCH 12, 1960

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Soviet-Satellite Relations

Serge L. Levitsky

THERE IS ONLY one way to peace: peaceful co-existence," Soviet Premier Khrushchev stated in his recent article in *Foreign Affairs* (October, 1959, p. 18). He defined peaceful coexistence as peaceful competition for the purpose of satisfying man's needs in the best possible way. The Soviet leader is supremely confident about the outcome of this competition. Had he not pledged that the Soviet Union would overtake, "within the historically shortest period of time, the most developed capitalist countries"? Had he not boasted, during his recent Indian visit, that in the last six years the Soviet Union increased its per capita industrial output by 71 per cent, while "the United States registered hardly any increase"? And, convinced as he is that communism is a far more vigorous and healthy system than capitalism, had he not predicted that the idea of communism would be victorious throughout the world?

Now, we must not conclude that once Khrushchev has reached his goal of outproducing the West and establishing the highest living standards in the world, Soviet citizens will find themselves living in a full-fledged Communist society. Not only is there a series of additional conditions which a Socialist society must fulfill—according to Khrushchev's latest interpretation of Marxist dogma—before it can envisage a transition to integral communism, but even the timetables anticipated by Khrushchev for the era of affluence and for integral communism in Russia do not coincide. The year 1959 is regarded by the Soviets as the starting point both of the process which will bring economic domination and of the transition from socialism to communism. However, while the Soviet experts estimate that the Soviet Union will achieve the highest rate of per capita production in Europe by 1965, and in the world by 1970, and while these same experts assume that Russia will reach the highest living standards also by 1970, Khrushchev has ventured no approximate date when Soviet society will attain full communism. Strange as it may sound, it is the Soviet satellites which may hold the key to this date.

This, at least, is the meaning we can ascribe to a rather neglected pronouncement by the Soviet Premier, which he made at the 21st Congress of the Soviet Communist party, in January, 1959. Khrushchev said, in effect, that it is highly improbable that any country now under Communist rule will reach the stage of pure communism while leaving the others far behind. The

transition, he decreed, will be more or less simultaneous throughout the Communist-ruled world. As has already been shown in this Review (5/2/59, p. 273), Soviet citizens will have to wait until their economically less fortunate brethren in the satellite empire, from Albania to Outer Mongolia, will have caught up with them and completed the "building of socialism," before they can look forward to the enjoyment of the fruits of Communist society.

On the part of Khrushchev, this was more than a Platonic wish or an empty ideological dictum. It reflected the profound transformation in Soviet thinking regarding the relations between the Soviet Union and its satellites. The basic outlines of this new concept are now discernible. What the Soviets are trying to do is to establish a giant integrated economic empire operating on the principles of international division of labor and economic specialization. The economic resources of the Communist states, including the Soviet Union, are to be pooled, distributed and developed in a joint program of empire-wide projects. In addition, all member states are to be more closely linked by common facilities, including a 220,000-volt electricity grid, a common television hookup, and full convertibility of national currencies within the Communist bloc.

PROGRESS OF THE WHOLE BLOC

All this amounts to considerably more than a Communist version of the European Common Market or the Free Trade Association. In the future, Communist-ruled countries are to be so interdependent that the political status quo in East Europe, which Khrushchev regards as a requirement for any East-West agreement, is likely to become an equally indispensable condition for Soviet economic progress. The era of "little Russias" in Eastern Europe, with competing economies modeled on that of the Soviet Union, will soon be a thing of the past. Under these conditions it is quite conceivable that in due course of time no single Communist-dominated country will be able to envisage transition to ideal communism without dragging half a dozen countries with it.

Nor is this Communist grand design for a giant economic commonwealth merely at the planning stage. While direct political intervention by the Soviet Union in the government of individual satellite countries is noticeably decreasing, Soviet economic control over its satellites as a bloc becomes more and more pronounced as a result of joint economic projects involving the co-operation of several or all members of this new commonwealth.

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MULDOON

12, 1960

One of the most ambitious of these projects is the building of a network of oil pipelines to link the Soviet oil fields with industrial centers in four satellite countries. Basic agreements for the project were signed in Moscow on December 18-19, 1959. The plan calls for a 2,400-mile pipeline, which will begin in the trans-Volga oil district of Kuibyshev and will split into two branches near Minsk in Byelorussia, the northern branch going to Poland (Plotsk) and East Germany (Schwedt), and the southern branch to Czechoslovakia (Bratislava) and Hungary (Budapest). Each country involved will share the costs of building and maintaining its own section of the pipeline, although the Soviet Union is responsible for drafting the over-all plan. The entire project is to be completed by 1963. The southern branch of the pipeline may be continued beyond Bratislava to Brno (Brünn), the capital of Moravia, and farther west, feeding the refineries at Pardubice, Kolín and Kralupy in western Bohemia. Another joint project, completed in December, 1958, links Rumania's natural gas fields with Hungary's factories.

OVER-ALL PLANNING COMMITTEE

The CMEA (or "Comecon"), which was originally formed by Stalin in 1949 as a counterpoise to the Marshall Plan, and which, for all practical purposes, remained a paper body until the death of its creator, is now responsible for much of the work involved in creating the new Communist commonwealth. It sets over-all production figures for individual branches of economy, as well as dictating specialization by particular countries and overseeing their cooperation on common projects.

Thus, for instance, the December 10-14, 1959 session of CMEA, held in Sofia, Bulgaria, assigned for all satellites their steel production quotas, "attuned" to the Soviet seven-year plan figures. Earlier, at the March 31-April 4, 1959 conference, a joint production program for coal mining and iron metallurgy was approved. The May 13-16, 1959 session, held in Tirana, Albania, decided to give high priority to achieving by 1965 an increase of 53.5 per cent in Eastern Europe's coking-coal production, and an increase of 21 per cent in total coal output over the 450 million tons of 1958.

The principle of specialization, apparently introduced at the 1955 session of CMEA in Budapest, is now increasingly being applied. Production of cable-manufacturing equipment, for instance, is to be concentrated in East Germany and Hungary, while the production of forging installations and oil-processing equipment will be concentrated in Rumania and the Soviet Union. Poland will be the main producer of ships, railway engines and freight cars. Czechoslovakia and East Germany will produce the diesel engines for the entire bloc.

There is likewise an increasing specialization within



individual branches of industry. Thus special steel-rolling mills will be produced primarily in East Germany and Poland, while ordinary steel-rolling mills will be supplied by the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia. In the motor industry, trucks will be made mainly by the Soviet Union, East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, while passenger-car production was assigned to Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany and the Soviet Union. Hungary and Czechoslovakia will turn out buses, and Czechoslovakia gets a virtual monopoly on motorcycles.

CMEA also has a say in the exchange of investments and cooperation between member states for certain specific and usually ambitious tasks assigned by the organization to each satellite nation. Thus Hungary, for instance, will receive vast quantities of electric energy from the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia and East Germany as aid for its industrialization program. Bulgaria pledged itself to increase exports to the Soviet Union of textiles and farm products; in exchange, the Russians will help in the development of the first Bulgarian oil-processing plant by supplying the necessary crude oil. East Germany is to advance the equivalent of \$100 million toward the development of a large brown-coal mine in Poland. Czechoslovakia will cooperate with Hungary in building a power project on the Danube to supply power for a Hungarian aluminum plant. Such examples can be multiplied. Eastern European export surpluses are being increasingly directed toward CMEA members.

The theoretical foundation of this new Soviet-satellite cooperation was defined by the Communist philosopher Fyodor Konstantinov:

The law of rational and proportional development of the Socialist countries begins to operate instead of the irregular development of countries under capitalism. Moreover, . . . socialism brings about the gradual raising of formerly underdeveloped countries to the level of the more advanced countries and uniformity in the development levels of all Socialist countries on the basis of their common progress.

Konstantinov and another Soviet theoretician, Pyotr Pomelov, insisted elsewhere that "no one Socialist country may remain isolated behind its borders, relying on its own economic resources and its own techniques." Instead, these authors call for an amalgamation of the economies of all the satellite countries with that of the Soviet Union, to form a giant economic unit.

An eloquent illustration of the Communist efforts to create a unified economic bloc is the decision, taken at the Tirana meeting of CMEA in 1959, to unify the electric power grids within the Communist bloc. Although complete unification will be possible only after 1965, by that date Poland is to have linked her electric power network with the Soviet Union in the region of Kaliningrad (Koenigsberg); Hungary is to have linked its system with the Soviet network in the western Ukraine; and East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania are to have coordinated their networks. Rumania is to export electricity to Czechoslovakia, and

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the Soviet Union to Hungary. Since the natural thermic resources (coal, gas, oil, water) of East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia are limited, there is question of utilizing the great reserves of hydroelectric and thermic power in the Soviet Union, especially in Siberia.

All this amounts to another potential Communist

challenge in the "peaceful competition" with the Western world. It would be interesting to know how all this will affect the estimates that American economists, intelligence specialists and politicians are currently making of the comparative growth of the American and Soviet economies.

BOOKS

Antidote to Smugness in the West

FULL CIRCLE: The Memoirs of Anthony Eden
By Sir Anthony Eden. Houghton Mifflin.
654p. \$6.50

Diplomacy, which is the art of communication between governments, relies for its efficacy upon the establishment of mutual confidence and credit. Sir Anthony Eden underscores with painful clarity that this relationship was largely nonexistent in Anglo-American contacts during the crucial period when he was Foreign Minister and then Prime Minister of Great Britain, and when John Foster Dulles was U. S. Secretary of State.

This reviewer had the privilege of observing Eden and Dulles in action at close range both before and after World War II. It comes as no surprise to find Sir Anthony describing Secretary Dulles as "a preacher in a world of politics." Had Mr. Dulles survived to write about the same years of decision, he would doubtless have pictured his British vis-à-vis as a diplomatic dandy and a dilettante in a world of power. The sad truth is that there was no common meeting ground intellectually between the hard-coded New York lawyer upholding the interests of his biggest client, the U.S.A., and the British aristocrat tempered in the nuances of Old World political rapier play.

The basic conflict between the very American Dulles and the sophisticated Etonian Eden reached a sorry climax in the Suez crisis, and the scalpel of publicity laid it bare for all the world to see. Sir Anthony reveals, however, that the tragic break over Suez, when the Anglo-American entente split down the middle and the Nato alliance almost foundered, was merely one episode in a continuing chapter of mis-understanding.

Communication between individuals is difficult enough. Communication between governments and nations and peoples is a fine art which requires sensitive antennae, patient ingenuity and compassionate flexibility. When, despite all the modern mechanisms, a blockage occurs due to human failure, as in the Eden-Dulles relationship, little divergences of aim grow with shocking suddenness into major differences, and these in turn may degenerate into searing conflicts. Sir Anthony's *Full Circle* is a textbook that illustrates this painful fact with graceful strokes.

Winston Churchill's close friend and successor as Prime Minister describes also, brilliantly and comprehensively, the complex interplay of interests within the Western coalition during its formative years and its probing of the Kremlin's Byzantine moves on the international checkerboard. The kings and pawns come vividly to life. Since most of them are still in the play, Sir Anthony Eden's book is required reading as we do our homework for the summit that is now only two months away.

Every practitioner of diplomacy knows that a coalition, which must of necessity be based on a multitude of compromises and concessions, is un-

wieldy machinery at the best. It cannot be switched into effective operation by facile application of sweet reasonableness or by rough handling on the part of crusading amateurs. It is an amalgam of national aims and interests which have to be reconciled in order that the superior interests of world peace be promoted and the balance of power be preserved, especially at a time when they are threatened by aggressive expansionism of a Soviet bloc that is geared to high speed by the world-wide drive of Communist internationalism. Sir Anthony Eden's *Full Circle* is a richly documented antidote to smugness and complacency in the West.

The book gives warning that it is not enough to assume that our friends are our friends. It is above all a well-balanced and sometimes dramatic appeal, based on precedent, for greater clarity and consistency in the policies and aims of the Western alliance, notably of the United States, which "sometimes has failed to put its weight behind its friends in the hope of being popular with their foes."

This reviewer cannot recommend too highly Anthony Eden's challenging account of what took place in his time, for those who seek to comprehend what is happening now and will happen tomorrow, and for those who would understand both the immutable principles that govern international dealing and the men whose all too human strengths and weaknesses bend, if they do not alter, these principles.

ROBERT PELL

A Deluge of Flame and a Problem

A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ
By Walter M. Miller Jr. Lippincott. 320p.
\$4.95

This is a singularly original, thought-provoking and fascinating novel by a young Catholic writer, a convert. Twenty years ago most people would have laid it aside, with an indulgent smile, as an interesting but improbable play of fancy. Today one has the frightening

feeling that he is reading in this book something uncomfortably close to a preview of the next two millennia.

The story opens in the year 3174 and closes about the year 3781 with the bowing out of the present race of rational animals on earth. The vantage point of observation and the thread of continuity lie in an order of monks founded by the Blessed Isaac Leibowitz, former electronics engineer, to



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conserve the printed relics of the Technological Age for a future renaissance after the Deluge of Flame has reduced civilization to scattered pockets of illiterates living off a scarred nature.

After the destruction, the masses of common people and their deformed children—the latter a minority, of course, according to statistical predictions, but unpleasantly conspicuous—rose in blind fury against all the "magi," or men of the books, and destroyed all the remnants they could find both of the printed word and of those who still held the key to its deadly secrets. To be known as literate in those years was to be a candidate for hanging. The Blessed Leibowitz himself, in fact, met his death when he was found trying to carry off a cache of books to the safe-keeping of the monastery.

Slowly, over the centuries, civilization staggers to its feet again. A new secular science arises. The monks, flattered by their new prestige as the bond of continuity with the old science, begin to collaborate with the new science, despite misgivings of a few stick-in-the-muds. To the monks' guilt-tinged distress, however, the old competitive cycle begins to gather momentum again. Soon the whole globe is poised once more in a deadly hush as the trigger fingers of the two great blocs, Eastern and Western, toy nervously with the buttons of their ultimate weapons.

Suddenly word is flashed from the Pope in New Rome to the monks to execute the order's last and long-prepared mission, this time to a new earth. Then comes the End, that is also a new Beginning, through what seems at first half-revolting, but is, on reflection, a strangely appropriate and beautiful act of God that brings forth the first shoot of a new and once again innocent humanity, the Third Eve, from a poor, despised, radiation-mutilated leftover of the old humanity.

The changing parade of characters is drawn by the author with a somewhat overly light and at times strangely blurred touch—perhaps deliberately so. But the skillfully spotlighted movement of events and the play of idea and irony off their surface make it a fascinating experience for a thoughtful reader.

The book poses squarely to the reader one of the central problems of our own and all future times: Does secular science for its own sake, freed from the control of religion, possess a fatal inner dynamism for its own self-destruction and the destruction of the humanity that pursues it? How far can sincere religious men collaborate with it in such an ambiguous state? W. NORRIS CLARKE

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: A Study of His Ignatian Spirit
By David A. Downes. Bookman. 195.
\$4.50

Criticism of Hopkins has now advanced from the first, tentative studies, often all too long on impressions and short on understanding, through the middle period of Pick, Gardner, et al. (solid evaluations derived from the poet's own letters, journals, notebooks and other authentic sources), to today's detailed and scholarly investigations of special aspects of the Jesuit poet's life and art. Dr. Downes, director of Lower Division Humanities at Seattle University, in this new study has devotedly developed a theme that has been crying for definitive statement.

His book is not a biography of the poet, although the biographical material is coherently marshaled and provides an excellent introduction for the Hopkins beginner. The book, a study of the priest-poet in the context of his Ignatian spirituality, seems designed primarily for the reader who is familiar with the poems but not with the Society of Jesus and St. Ignatius Loyola, its founder. Source material is used crisply, brilliantly; Daniélou's essay "The Ignatian Vision of the Universe and of Man" and Hugo Rahner's book *The Spirituality of St. Ignatius* are particularly in evidence. An appended bibliography suggests further study for the interested reader.

Dr. Downes conjectures that the first long retreat (of 30 days duration) made by Hopkins in his noviceship was a profound, even shattering experience, that was later to be the background or basic theme of the first poem he wrote as a Jesuit, "The Wreck of the Deutschland." The key meditations of St. Ignatius' *Spiritual Exercises* are shown to be expressed again and again in the "Wreck" and in the majority of the subsequent poems; not only the ideas of the *Exercises* but the very modes and methods of prayer are intrinsic to the structure and style of the freest of his lyrics. The priest-poet was faithful to the rigorous demands of two intense disciplines: his religious life in the Society and his own exacting standards of poetry. He achieved a superb integration.

Dr. Downes devotes a separate chapter to the "Terrible Sonnets" as a special problem, a seeming contradiction to the Ignatian spirit. Perhaps too much attention is given here, as in previous studies, to the "terrible pathos" Canon Dixon discerned in Hopkins' poems. As Gardner rightly notes, Dixon also saw "a right temper which goes to the point

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of the terrible: the terrible crystal." "Pathos" suggests a kind of softness, a surrender; "temper" and "crystal" suggest the fusion of poetic passion and poetic form.

The "Terrible Sonnets" are hard poems, written by a man in distress (shall we have a study soon of Hopkins as a forerunner of existentialism?). Many evident causes, and perhaps a private, personal, forever mysterious providence of God, contributed to the pain and desolation of his last years. But, surely, a simple explanation of the "world-woe" of those years, their "gall and heart-burn," lies in the poet's own heightened and dramatic language; as in moments of joy and vigor his heart could rear wings and hurl toward heaven, in an hour of distress he could hang desperately from the cliffs of his mind.

There is necessarily some conjecturing in the development of the book's thesis, but each point is fairly presented and well corroborated. The book is an admirable example of clear exposition.

Dr. Downes has irrefragably refuted the superficial critic who would claim that Hopkins was insincere, that he subjugated a poetic talent to forced pietism or that he was a frustrated artist trapped in an unworthy vocation. The poet owed far more to the priest than the priest to the poet; he was a Jesuit after the heart of Ignatius, who was a saint after the Heart of Christ.

WILLIAM J. HEALY

QUEEN MARY

By James Pope-Hennessy. Knopf. 654p.
\$10

The modern population explosion originated with King George III, who married Charlotte, Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and had 15 children. One of his granddaughters, Queen Victoria, had nine children. Another of George III's granddaughters, Mary Adelaide, had four children. One of these children, Mary, married her cousin, the future George V, when he was Duke of York. This biography concerns that Mary, who became the mother of George VI and the grandmother of Elizabeth II.

Britain's royal family possesses the unerring ability to authorize first-rate men to write biographies of its members. One recalls the excellent works of John Gore, Harold Nicolson and John Wheeler-Bennett. In joining this select company, Mr. Pope-Hennessy can claim to be considered one of the greatest living masters of biographical writing.

Mr. Pope-Hennessy spent three years on this official, full-length portrait of

one of the best known and greatly loved public figures of our time. He had unrestricted access to the Royal Archives. On every page of this carefully documented study he shows technical competence of the highest order. His style is charming, unhurried, urbane. His book is discerning and discreet, realistic and sympathetic, vivid and tolerant, strong, clear—and a bit nostalgic.

Queen Mary was born in 1867, a few years before the Franco-Prussian War, and led a very active life until her death in 1953. She kept a daily diary and was related to scores of people in many countries who constituted the curiously isolated world of European royalty.

Her father was poor and handsome, her mother obese and improvident. Papa Teck was the son of a man who had committed the unpardonable sin of a morganatic marriage. Denied the right of succession to the throne of Württemberg, frustrated and irritable, he married Princess Mary Adelaide and, in lieu of anything else to do, became a passionate gardener. Mama Teck, high-spirited and impulsive, had no idea of time and no understanding of money. She entertained so lavishly, indeed, that Queen Victoria ordered the bankrupt family to withdraw to the Continent for two years. When Princess Mary returned to England, she married the second son of Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.

Queen Mary's dominant characteristics were patriotism, love of order and concern about social conditions. The single aim of her life was to serve the British throne. In the pursuit of this ideal, for all her limitations, she achieved greatness.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

COUNSELLING THE CATHOLIC

By George Hagmaier, C.S.P., and Robert W. Gleason, S.J. Sheed & Ward. 301p.
\$4.50

This book differs radically from many that have come before it in the manner in which it supplements moral theology.

The moralists in the seminaries, perhaps necessarily, view human behavior objectively and in categories. Confessional problems that are filled with anxieties and conflicts are treated briefly and in generic fashion. Much of moral theology is devoted to abstruse cases of justice and restitution; many other significant problems and habits of today's generation are by-passed. *Counselling the Catholic*, while in no way opposing moral theologians, adds a whole new dimension to priestly thinking.

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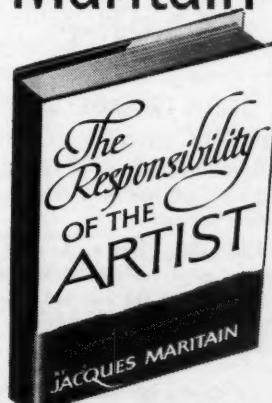
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In their consideration of man's emotional nature and its influence upon his freedom and behavior, the authors come to grips with the concrete and total man as he exists and as he sins or worries or loves. The whole wealth of recent psychiatric research is offered to the priest and counselor for understanding of human habits and problems.

The authors' wholesome appreciation of the dignity and value of the human personality prevents them from categorizing or typing cases. They never dictate; they never debate. Where they disagree from certain traditional approaches to pastoral problems, they disagree with a completely disarming courtesy and respect.

The book, intended primarily for seminarians and priests as a primer of counseling techniques and methods, gives brief but very penetrating insights into the problems of masturbation, homosexuality, alcoholism and scrupulosity. These problems are handled from the point of view of emotional disturbances and of moral responsibility, especially in the case of the habitual and compulsive sinner. The chapter on scrupulosity is as finely written a summary as can be found. Other chapters discuss Catholicism and psychiatry, the chief mental illnesses, use of community resources and referral facilities.

The book's sympathetic acceptance of so many techniques and findings of modern psychiatry is a great advance. What could be quite unusual to those who are accustomed to other presentations of pastoral theology is tempered always by balanced and unswerving adherence to the fundamental moral teachings of tradition.

This book, so modestly written, is the finest contribution made to Catholic counselors in years.

AIDAN C. McMULLEN

THE LINCOLN LORDS

By Cameron Hawley. Little, Brown. 556p.
\$5

Here we have everything, gentle book buyer. A mammoth of a book—556 pages. Reader research will tell you that the American fiction-reading public loves a book in which they can live for a long, leisurely time. *Gone With the Wind*, *Anthony Adverse*, *From Here to Eternity*—these have established the literary atmosphere for popular novels, and Cameron Hawley is a comfortable and wise passenger on the bandwagon.

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nauseam) study of the marital career of the tycoon and his picturesque, understanding, misunderstanding, tempted-by-other - men - but - eventually - faithful wife; the always touching and moving problem of middle-aged loss of power surrounded by ambitious young blood; and the intrusion of another tried-and-true motif—anti-Semitism.

There you have it. All the ingredients of a vastly popular novel.

The Lincoln Lords live very well—the Waldorf Towers is their first address—but they are, the reader sees, clinging to the edge of security. Lord himself is a job jumper whose executive career is always a matter of two years to a company. Now he is "between engagements." We watch him for a time in this precarious position, and then we see him climb back again, using a combination of other men's brains, luck and pretense. Lord is one of those men who succeed despite the disadvantage of having no ability; his main occupation, once he is on top, is to disguise his ignorance while using those under him to supply his lacks.

As the reader watches Mr. Lord's struggles, he learns a great deal about the workings of big business, most particularly the packaged-food business. When at long last the novel ends, one has witnessed (with what can only be described as intense relief) the triumph of honesty, the partial defeat of racial prejudice, the survival—against all odds—of a marriage, and even, since it's such a long novel, the reunion of a difficult son with his father.

One yearns, as one reads, for the old insistence upon the carefully pared-down classical form (Morris West's recent novel, *The Devil's Advocate*, was such a book), or the novel of character, or the novel of ideas or even, the Lord help us, the novel of *la condition humaine*.

DORIS GRUMBACH

THE GRASS

By Claude Simon. Transl. from the French by Richard Howard. Braziller. 216p. \$3.75

The great problems of man are existence, pain, death and suffering. All of them are experienced in time. In the early part of the century, Marcel Proust made a cult of eternalizing time and encompassing it in an enduring work of art, free from the encroachment of the disintegrating power of temporality. Claude Simon in *The Grass* gives us a startling and baffling story of death in time; the slow progress of everything material leads to the dissolution induced by death.

"No one makes history, no one sees

it happen, no one sees the grass grow." A text from Boris Pasternak serves as an epigraph and a dominant theme in the book.

Symbolized by such diverse symbols as decaying pears in an orchard, minute daily entries in an account book, the mountain fat of a middle-aged man and perfume flasks filled with cognac, a French family living a closed existence in a small country town in the Pau region emerges with its fullness of tensions and conflicts.

Sabine, an alcoholic wife, and her unfaithful husband, Pierre, have never wanted for anything in life. They own

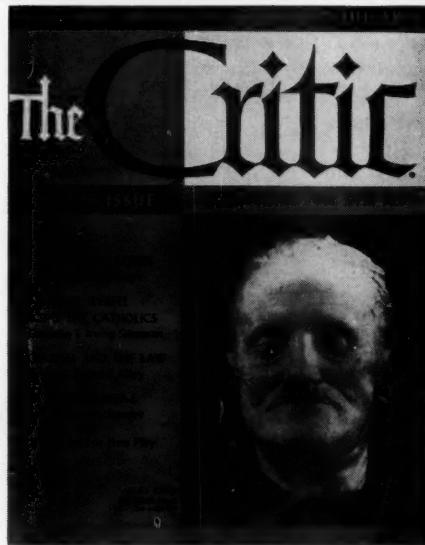
a lovely home with acres of land now planted with pear trees. Georges, their son, and his wife, Louise, live with them. On their son the parents have lavished all manner of affection; Georges has been allowed to indulge every whim, including the planting of pear trees in a region which will not abide pear trees. Louise, bored with her life much like the Thérèse of Mauriac, is unfaithful to her husband and plans to leave him.

The family circle is completed by a devoted maiden aunt, Marie, whose small income manages to yield additional francs for her adored nephew and

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KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS:

LAS	Arts and Sciences	FS	Foreign Service
AE	Adult Education	G	Graduate School
A	Architecture	HS	Home Study
C	Commerce	IR	Industrial
D	Dentistry		Relations
DH	Dental Hygiene	J	Journalism
Ed	Education	L	Law
E	Engineering	MT	Medical Technology



COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS

The College of the Holy Cross, New England's oldest Catholic college, has an enrollment of 1825 men and a teaching faculty of 138. Its student-to-faculty ratio is a very favorable 13:1.

Holy Cross is located in Worcester, the second largest city in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. On the 163-acre campus are nine residence halls, a chapel, biology building, dining hall, library, administration building, fine arts building, intramural gymnasium and a science building which was formally opened in December, 1959.

Courses are offered leading to the degrees of Master of Science in Chemistry, and Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science with majors in chemistry, mathematics, physics, biology, business administration, modern languages, history, English, education and social sciences. An Honors Program is available in all courses.

In addition to varsity and intramural athletics, there is at Holy Cross a wide variety of extra-curricular activities. Among the most popular are dramatic and debating societies, student publications, musical organizations and the campus radio station.

niece. The story opens on the day Marie has suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. For five days, Marie, comatose, is dying.

It is during these days that Louise tells us the story of the family. She meets her lover in a wooded area in the evening and in a toneless monologue reveals the events of the day. The monologue enlarges to a dialogue and then the story becomes a third-person narrative. Louise thinks, experiences and relates the physical elements of the house, the people and the relationships between them. In cyclic fashion, we see these living figures and Marie, dying. And we hear the harsh accompaniment of her death rattle.

The effect is heightened not only by the aural sensation but by the ever-present odor of decaying pears and the oppressive sensation of each minute of time lived intensely. "When do we make a decision? When do we catch a cold?" We are like the grass growing, unseen, unheard, but eventually there. Out of the stilted and frozen past stem the vitally important actions of the present. It is the present that is so terrifying to Louise and to the family.

The one saving grace, unspoken and unheralded, is the love of the dying Marie for her grand-niece Louise. In a

Our Reviewers

ROBERT PELL, formerly with the State Department, studied Anthony Eden closely in the diplomatic period of the 1930's and he was associated with John Foster Dulles at postwar conferences.

W. NORRIS CLARKE, s.j., professor of philosophy at Fordham University, wrote "New Images of Man" (AM. 11/21/59).

The dean of Fairfield University, WILLIAM J. HEALY, s.j., former president of Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass., has lectured on Hopkins, the poet, for many years.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR, professor of history at Georgetown University, is author of *The Catholic Revival in England*.

AIDAN C. McMULLEN, s.j., is associate professor of history and student counselor at St. Peter's College in Jersey City.

DORIS GRUMBACH, former book editor of *Information*, teaches English at a private school in Albany, N. Y.

C-26

M	Medicine	SF	Sister Formation
Mu	Music	Sy	Seismology
N	Nursing	Sp	Speech
P	Pharmacy	T	Theatre
PT	Physical Therapy	AFROTC	Air Force
RT	Radio-TV	AROTC	Army
S	Social Work	AROTC	Army
Ss	Science	NROTC	Navy

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mute and pathetic gesture, Marie gives away her treasured possessions: a rusted tin box tied about with twenty loops of string and containing trifling pieces of jewelry. The selflessness of this maiden aunt is the one decent thing that prevents Louise from leaving her husband and home. It is the one note of optimism in an otherwise unyielding book.

J. D. GAUTHIER

SCIENCE

The Planet Pluto

Now is a good time to start our monthly science column: March 13 commemorates that day in 1930 when the news broke that the family of the sun has a ninth child, the planet Pluto.

Antiquity knew of five "wanderers" among the fixed stars—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. Copernicus made men realize that Gaea (Earth) herself was a satellite of the sun. And there matters stood until 1781, when Herschel by chance discovered Uranus. Neptune, the eighth planet, was found in 1846, not by chance but by mathematical analysis of certain irregularities in the motion of Uranus around the sun.

Just as tiny spastic movements of Uranus revealed the presence of Neptune, so small wobbles in the orbits of Uranus and Neptune created the suspicion that there might be still another wanderer out on the dark edges of the sun's bailiwick. The discovery of such a trans-Neptunian planet was a consuming passion of the astronomer Percival Lowell up until his death in 1916. But a successful pursuit depended on the development of search techniques that were not available until 1929. In April of that year young Clyde Tombaugh began a dedicated photographic investigation of millions of star images at the Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona. The grueling task had its thrilling moment of discovery on the afternoon of February 18, 1930. However, the need of scientific confirmation delayed public announcement for several weeks.

Word of the finding of a new planet was finally given to the world on March 13. This was a fitting date, for it was the 75th anniversary of the birth of Percival Lowell and the 149th anniversary of the discovery of Uranus.

Understandably enough, the early data on the new planet were vague.

It was estimated that it might be as large as the earth, but possibly much larger. Its distance from the sun was roughly given as 4.6 billion miles. The period of its revolution about the center of the solar system was assumed to be in the neighborhood of 300 to 600 years.

It was in May, 1930 that the most remote member of the sun's family was christened Pluto in honor of the god of the dead and the husband of Proserpine. I have checked the genealogy of Pluto for the sake of classical buffs who will not down their science without a dash of the humanities. Grandson to Uranus and Gaea, fathered by the Titan Saturn, Pluto was a dweller on Olympus, like his brothers Jupiter and Neptune. He was also the uncle of Mercury, Venus and Mars. These choice gleanings from mythology tie all the important planets into one happy family.

What do we know about Pluto today? Precious little. We're talking about a minute yellowish pinpoint of light that is nearly 5,000 times too faint to be seen by the naked eye, a far-off world that circles the sun every 248 years at a distance of some 3.7 billion miles. Pluto, so far as we know, has no moons. The latest studies give it a diameter of 3,600 miles. If the figure is correct, then in all likelihood Pluto is not massive enough to have caused the perturbations that originally led to its discovery. That means that its discovery by Tombaugh was only a fantastic coincidence.

One other interesting item. The orbit

of Pluto is so much off-center that in 1979 the planet will be roaming inside the orbit of Neptune, instead of a billion miles beyond it. This, plus the tiny size of Pluto, makes some astronomers wonder whether it is a true planet at all. Maybe it is an escaped moon of Neptune, a prodigal son that left home in the days when the solar system was young.

Does Pluto fully round out the sun's entourage of planets? Tombaugh checked no less than 90 million star images in the years after finding Pluto, but uncovered no tenth planet. Some astronomers, however, still feel that three or four other moons of Neptune left the family hearth long ago and are still lost out beyond Pluto, where "a body can't keep properly comfy" because the thermometer shows minus 400° Fahrenheit! L. C. McHUGH

FILMS

SCENT OF MYSTERY (Michael Todd Jr.). The feasibility of making movies directed to the sense of smell as well as to the senses of sight and hearing has been discussed for almost as long as there have been talking pictures. And the obvious jokes about some movies smelling have been going the rounds for just as long as the discussion.

Under the circumstances, Michael

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D. C.

Todd Jr. is a brave man to pioneer with a film that actually pumps a variety of odors at its audience (through a network of pipes installed in the theatre at a cost of \$25 a seat).

As things have turned out, producer Todd has been nosed out in the smell sweepstakes by another company which devised a cheaper and simpler but less accurate method for diffusing odors. It utilizes the theatre's ventilating system. This process was dubbed AromaRama and was superimposed on an already completed travelogue photographed in contemporary China, *Behind the Great Wall*, which has been in distribution for two months. *Scent of Mystery*, however, is the first film that was designed to smell.

If Todd is a brave man, he is also a shrewd one; he decided to neutralize jokes by making the whole project a joke in itself. For example, the film's color, wide-screen, scent-wafting process is called Glorious Smell-O-Vision. And the story, what there is of it, is a comedy-mystery, done entirely with tongue in cheek.

As a matter of fact, leaving the question of smells aside for the moment, the picture bears a superficial resemblance to that tongue-in-cheek classic, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, produced by Todd's late father. Both plots are devised to allow a satirically characterized "typical Englishman" to undergo a series of comic cliff-hanging adventures against varied and handsome scenic backgrounds.

The Englishman in *Scent of Mystery* (Denholm Elliott) becomes embroiled in the adventurous life when, on a vacation in Spain, he goes to the rescue of an American heiress, whom he does not know and for most of the picture's running time cannot even recognize on sight, but who, he is convinced, is about to be murdered for her inheritance. The plot accommodates a number of incidents which are a diverting take-off on detective stories.

Scent of Mystery, however, has a much thinner and less varied framework than its illustrious predecessor, and over the long pull it becomes quite tiresome and uninventive. Furthermore, *Around the World* had some 25 top-caliber stars making guest appearances in bit parts. *Scent of Mystery* has only one advertised guest celebrity (Diana Dors, who turns up briefly, irrelevantly and tastelessly wearing a bikini) and one unadvertised bit-playing star whose identity will not be revealed here. The lesson would seem to be that in films calling for flamboyant showmanship halfway measures will not do.

Scent of Mystery does have two unalloyed pleasures. One is Peter Lorre, playing a timid but never quite daunted taxi driver who acts as Sancho Panza to the hero's Don Quixote. The other is the authentic Spanish scenery, which frequently enough flies dizzyly by as the camera uses the Cinerama technique to induce a sense of audience participation in various death-defying adventures.

It does not require much courage to predict that "smellies" won't last. Meanwhile there is vast room for improvement. In *Scent of Mystery* the odors bombarding the captive audience—from perfume to pipe smoke, from roses to garlic, from sherry to train soot—have, coupled with the dizzying photographic effects, a slightly emetic quality. It might be wise for theatre managers to install a modest item of precautionary equipment that is found, for example, on commercial airliners. [L of D; not yet classified]

MOIRA WALSH

THEATRE

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES, Warner LeRoy's translation of an Italian drama by Diego Fabbri, is performed on a practically bare stage; nevertheless, the playbill gives Robin Wagner and Sonia Lowenstein credit for decor and costumes. The production was directed by Mr. LeRoy, who, along with Paul Libin, is co-producer.

The story describes the efforts of a wandering company of Jewish actors to convince the world, and themselves, that Jews were not responsible for the crucifixion of Christ. The play is performed as a courtroom drama—always effective theatre—in which the legal aspects of the Passion are explored. The head of the troupe sits as the judge who rules on the legality of the evidence. Caiphas, the high priest, Pilate, the Roman governor, Judas, the betrayer, and other witnesses are called to the stand and interrogated on their connection with the case of the state against Jesus of Nazareth. The trial breaks down into a free-for-all argument when one of the actors insists that the court should consider the religious as well as the legal aspect of the events leading up to the crucifixion.

There are more commendable performances than can be mentioned here. Besides, several actors deserving special mention are not clearly identified in the playbill.

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Your observer's over-all impression is that *Between Two Thieves* is rather less convincing in writing than in performance. The story is developed from a false premise. Jews are not persecuted because they engineered the crucifixion. They are persecuted for the same reason, if that's the right word, that Negroes are oppressed in Georgia and untouchables in India. If the crucifixion had occurred in Sicily instead of in Palestine, Jews would still be a persecuted people. Minorities have always been, and still are, harassed for any discernible difference since Adam ate that apple.

While *Between Two Thieves* gets off on the wrong foot, it is a poignant drama on its own terms. It is the kind of play that should be presented more often in Manhattan instead of such inanities as *A Mighty Man and Beg, Borrow or Steal*. That it is hidden away off Broadway at the York Playhouse reflects small credit on the acumen of producers and the intelligence of the New York audience.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

THE WORD

We beseech Thee, Lord, by the merits of Thy saints whose relics lie here, and of all the saints, be so good in Thy mercy as to pardon me all my sins (The first prayer in the Mass as the priest arrives at the altar).

Upon the conclusion of the prefatory prayers of the Mass the priestly celebrant ascends to the altar-platform and, quietly reciting the present prayer, kisses the altar-table. Both the words and the action are significant.

It is a sublime and most humiliating truth, which every priest ought really to consider deeply, that the celebrant of the Mass acts in three distinct capacities. He becomes, as it were, three exalted personalities as he moves through the Holy Sacrifice. Sometimes the priest-celebrant speaks for the people: *Lord have mercy; Christ, have mercy; Lord, have mercy.* At the climactic moment of the sacrifice he becomes Christ: *This is My body . . . This is the chalice of My blood . . .* At other times the priest is the Church, the Bride of Christ; so it is now, as he first comes to the altar itself.

It must be brought back to the Catholic consciousness that the altar—that is, the altar-table, the altar as distinct from

the tabernacle, whether the Blessed Sacrament is present in the tabernacle or not—possesses profound liturgical significance. In a way that goes deeper than mere semantics, the altar symbolizes, represents, is Christ. This is the reason for all prostration before the altar, as on Good Friday or in the ordination of a priest or consecration of a bishop. When, therefore, the priest reverently kisses the altar, he is performing a glorious function, for he is bestowing upon Christ the Bridegroom the pure nuptial kiss of the Church, His spotless and precious Bride.

Meanwhile the celebrant invokes the intercession of the *saints whose relics lie here* (in every Mass-altar there must be an altar-stone, and in every altar-stone repose tiny but authentic fragments of the bones of saints) *and of all the saints.*

The Catholic doctrine which bears the title "the communion of saints" is interwoven in the whole liturgical texture of the Mass. The Catholic, sharply different in this respect from the sincere but devout Protestant, believes firmly in the intercessory power of God's saints, and over and over again in the highest act of his religion he invokes this power and mentions the agents of it. From the *Confiteor*, when, at the very outset, he begs the help of *Blessed Mary ever Virgin, blessed Michael the archangel* and all the rest, to the Last Gospel, when he reads and hears again that *a man appeared, sent from God, whose name was John*, the Catholic at Mass is steadily conscious of and in contact with God's closest friends and our best benefactors, the saints.

So, at the beginning of the Mass, we are reminded of a lofty, splendid truth which concerns and governs the whole course of the Holy Sacrifice. The Mass is the act of the community; the noble community of the Church; the Church in all her hierarchic order, from Holy Father to latest baptized baby; the Church in that sacred, supercosmic community that embraces the Church militant, the Church suffering, the Church triumphant.

It may be a dark and rainy morning; there may be no one in the church except the priest, a sleepy altar boy and one old lady; there may be nothing much to see or notice or get excited about. But invisibly the whole earth trembles and the vault of heaven echoes with jubilation as the mighty, holy community that is the Church reaches unfailingly out to God our Lord through Christ His Son and our Victim-Saviour.

VINCENT P. McCORRY, S.J.